









excalib

This is the 1971 Excalibur of Archbishop Mitty High School. This book was put together with the efforts of photographers Russ Hughes, Tom Chargin, Paul Landry, and editor Dale Gregersen. This book is not an all out attempt to glorify Mitty in every respect. Mitty has made mistakes, and the editors have also featured some of the school's problems on these pages in an attempt to produce a balanced yearbook.

There is the traditional coverage of sports, which the teams deserve: a football squad coming from a dismal 1-9 record last year to a 7-3 record this year; undefeated winners of the Buchser basketball tournament; one of the finest soccer teams in Northern California; a fine baseball team; plus the hardy cross-country club--all are included. However, there is much more to Mitty than sports.

Mitty has moved ahead in areas totally ignored by other high schools. Mitty is not merely four walls and a roof designed to imprison students for a few educational hours each day; it allows its students a much freer and more realistic atmosphere on campus than do most high schools. School seems more like an extension of everyday living with the adoption of the open campus policy and the creation of co-ed classes. Students also make up their own class schedules,

and by exercising this right are assuming the responsibility expected of them. The new school standards have produced a spirit of change and progress about campus. Students and teachers alike are putting their own ideas into practice--such as the S.S.P. workers; the off-beat, song filled Sunday mass; the expanded Guidance and Counseling program; plus the ever-present spontaneous frisbee matches, poker games, and snowball fights that crop up. It is mostly in these zany and spontaneous escapades which occur on and off campus that students witness the feeling that life is worth living and that there is something worth living for.

Most yearbooks, especially high school yearbooks, are given to high-blown sentiment, purple prose filled with exultant corn whose ooze drowns the truth and obscures the vision. Annual publications at best attempt the impossible--to capture life AND to preserve it. This book, like Mitty High School, is a little bit of every person who put it together; both may be summed up in this line by e.e. cummings: "Life, for eternal us is now, and now is much too busy being a little more than everything."

John Waters Jr.

## UP IN THE MORNING AND OFF TO SCHOOL



Jaimae  
Abeytia



Bob  
Acosta



John  
Allender



Gary  
Armetta



Ed  
Atwell



Dave  
Ban



Ed  
Balbiani





John  
Bedoni



Bill  
Beinitz



Greg  
Berger



Bill  
Binderauld



Steve  
Blair



Criss  
Barry



Chris  
Barton



# THE MAGIC BUS

You come and go from school in a variety of ways, ways which will probably persevere in how you go and come from work later in life. The following excerpt from the writing of John Fowles raises one of those vital questions we all are being bombarded with: How about You and the World you move through?

Almost all nature education based on the know-what approach is bad, for what goes with it is the notion that everyone ought to get an identification interest in natural history. Of course, if we did all become keen naturalists that would solve all our problems. But if anything is certain about the real situation, it is that many people are never going to be very interested in nature either as science or as a hobby for showing off a cleverness with names. Indeed, as they have less and less contact with nature in our overpopulated world, they are very probably going to be less and less interested in it. What has to be done is to get this vast and growing army of the indifferent to see nature as a daily pleasure of the civilized life. It doesn't have to be named, or studied, or hunted, it just has to



Jim Blamey



Joe Borges



Bob Bower



Tim Brashears



Kevin Bridgeman



Tracy Brown



Brad Burnett



**ARCHBISHOP MITTY HIGH SCHOOL**



Dan  
Butler



Tony  
Calleja



Dennis  
Calmes



Lee  
Campbell



Steve  
Cardona



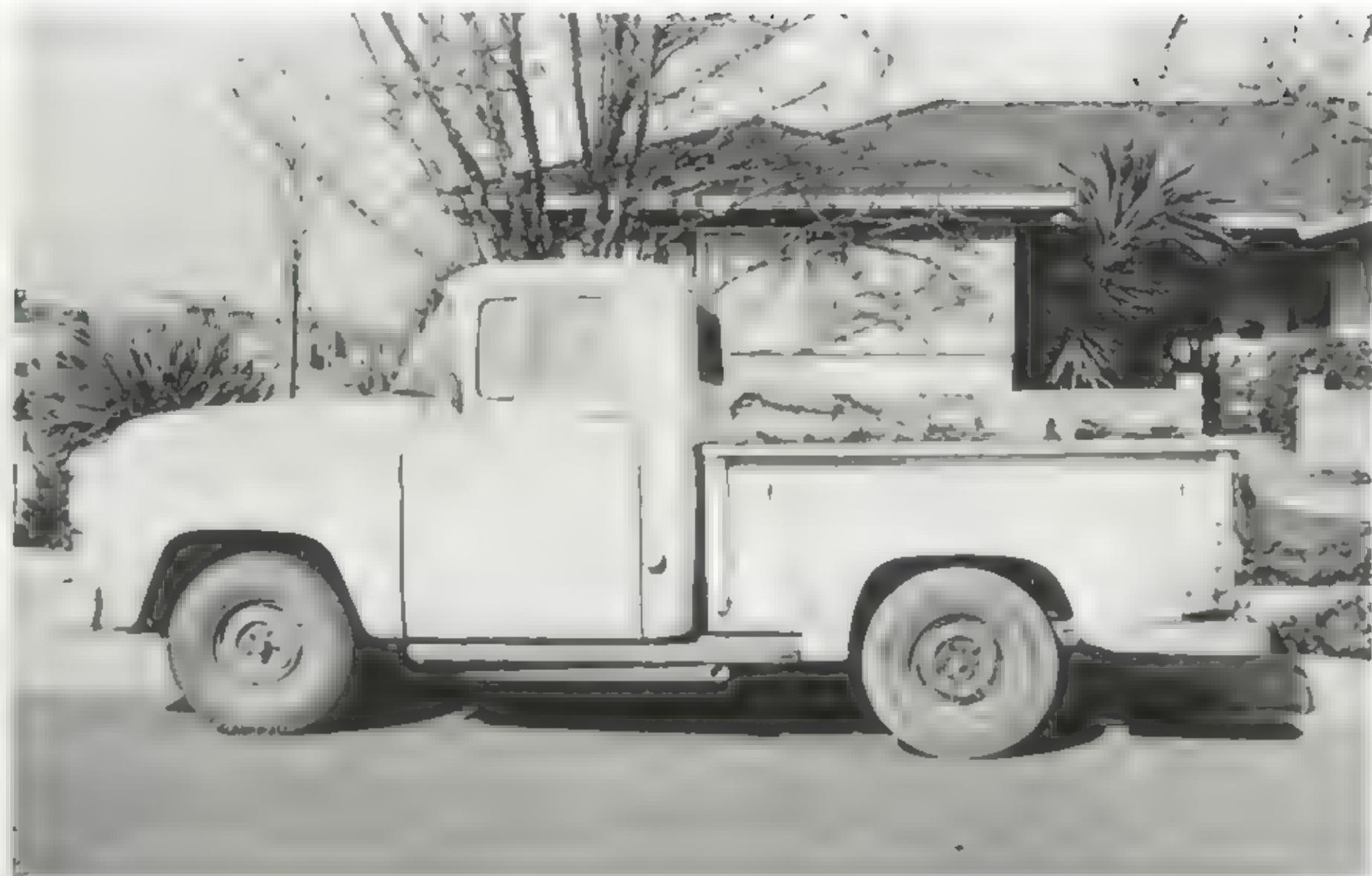
Jim  
Casebolt



Enrique  
Castaneda



## BY TRUCK OR AUTO



be there. And they have to be taught to miss it if it isn't there, the way they would miss electricity or the water supply if that were cut off.

The kind of seeing that this requires is much more esthetic and imaginative than scientific. So for a start I should like to see the scientific element in our school-teaching about nature severely reduced and its place taken by study of the attitudes and vision of the many great painters, poets and writers who have treated the subject. They are who we need most to copy and to learn from, not the scientists. You can always tell the man who wants to experience nature from the one playing at scientist. The former will have granted equality to the whole scene, both in terms of the various families of natural life and in terms of the statistical commonness and rarity of what he is seeing. He won't, in short, be blind to all but his own field. He will know that

he has to observe with both the eye of the flea and the eye of the elephant, as the Indian proverb goes. We all see too much with a human eye and to a human scale. He will see the moth's uncurled proboscis and the ancient glacier bed, the smallest and the largest; and all in one glance. He will see forms, colors, structures, see personal, artistic and literary allusions, see whole poetries where the pseudo-scientist sees only names and matter for notes.

One of the curses of our times is that this poetic approach has come to be ridiculed as something rather romantic. It is true that without any scientific check, such an attitude can lead into the turgid bayous of nature-corner sentiment or to the equally nauseating anthropomorphic scripts of the Disney nature films and the kind of commentary one hears at Marineland. If such cheap sentimentality were the only alternative to the scientific approach to nature,

Jim Castignani



Joe Cesario



Tom Ciolino



Bart Clanton



Bill Clarke



Steve Connelly



Mike Corica





I should be all for science. But there is no more need to see nature either sentimentally or scientifically than there is to see paintings, or listen to music, or enjoy a game or a sport in one of those two fixed manners.

And here, perhaps, there is a stumbling block particular to the American mind, with its inborn pragmatism, its demand for some immediate utility in both the object and its pursuit, and its corollary assumption that the more facts you know about a thing the more there is likely to be in it for you. Europeans enjoy appearances. Americans enjoy things better if they know how they "work"--and of course knowing that involves knowing names. This obsession with labeling and functioning, and the corresponding impatience with the quieter pleasure of mere experiencing, is an aspect of what an American friend of mine once described to me as the single deepest fault

of the national culture. He called it a lack of poetry, and then amplified the phrase by saying, "We try and turn everything into machinery." Over the years I have come to see this criticism as a clue to a great deal of what is unhappy in American society.

This is not the place to discuss whether my friend is right in general. But I would choose "unpoetic" as probably the best word to describe the prevailing attitude to natural life in the United States just as "poetic" best describes the great exceptions to that generalization, the Audubons and the Thoreaus. Poetry, alas, is something you can't sell. All you can do is suggest that it is out there, if people will only find the time and the right frame of mind and discover for themselves that enjoyment does not require scientific knowledge.

Myself, I regard nature very largely as

Jen  
Costella



Jeff  
Cotton



Marc  
Coupens



Jeff  
Cronin



Dave  
Crooks



Tony  
Crusco



Dane  
Denham

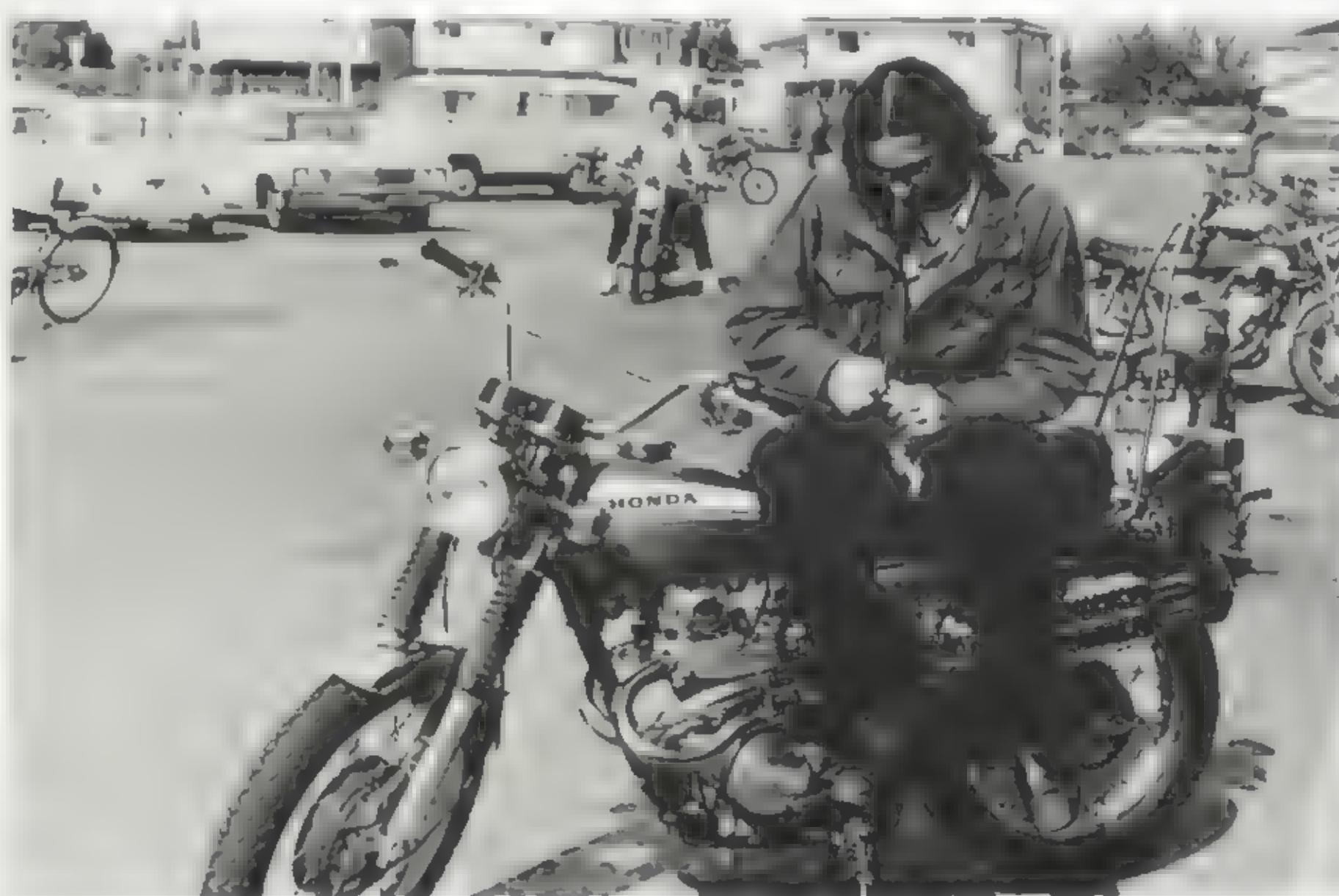


## OR BY CYCLE

therapy. It is where I go to get away from words, from people, from artificial things. It is affection and friendship, too the recurrence, the return in the cycle of the year of certain flowers, beasts, birds and insects I am fond of. It is sounds. It is curlew on a winter's evening, as I lie in bed. It is the sparrows that chirp on my roof each morning. Above all it is the familiar natural life that lives and breeds round my house--the kind of life any rarity-hunting naturalist would not even notice, it is so ordinary. But I have trained myself, partly through reading about Zen, partly through thinking on the texts of such men as Thoreau, not to take anything in my thousand-times-walked-around garden as familiar. I'm not in the least a religious person, but I suppose the process is something like prayer. You have to work at it. I once told a Benedictine monk that prayer was incomprehensible to me. "Yes," he said, "it was to me once. It becomes comprehensible only through endless repetition."

This, I am convinced, is what practical conservation needs behind it, or beneath

it, if it is to work a constantly repeated awareness of the mysterious other universe of nature in every civilized community. A love, or at least a toleration, of this other universe must reenter the urban experience, must be accepted as the key gauge of a society's humanity, and we must be sure that the re-entry and the acceptance is a matter of personal, not public, responsibility. So much of our communal guilt, conscience is taken up by the cruelty of man to man that the crime we are inflicting on nature is forgotten. Fortunately there seem to be many signs in the United States that this "lesser" crime against natural life at last is being recognized for what it is--not the lesser crime at all, but the real source of many things we cite as the major mistakes of recent history. You may think there is very little connection between spraying insecticide over your flower-beds because everyone else in your street does the same and spraying napalm over a Vietnamese village because that's the way war is. But many more things than we know start in our own backyards. Social aggression starts there; and so does social tolerance.



Bob  
DiMarco



Mike  
DiPietro



Eric  
Dippel



Vince  
Doherty



John  
Doiron



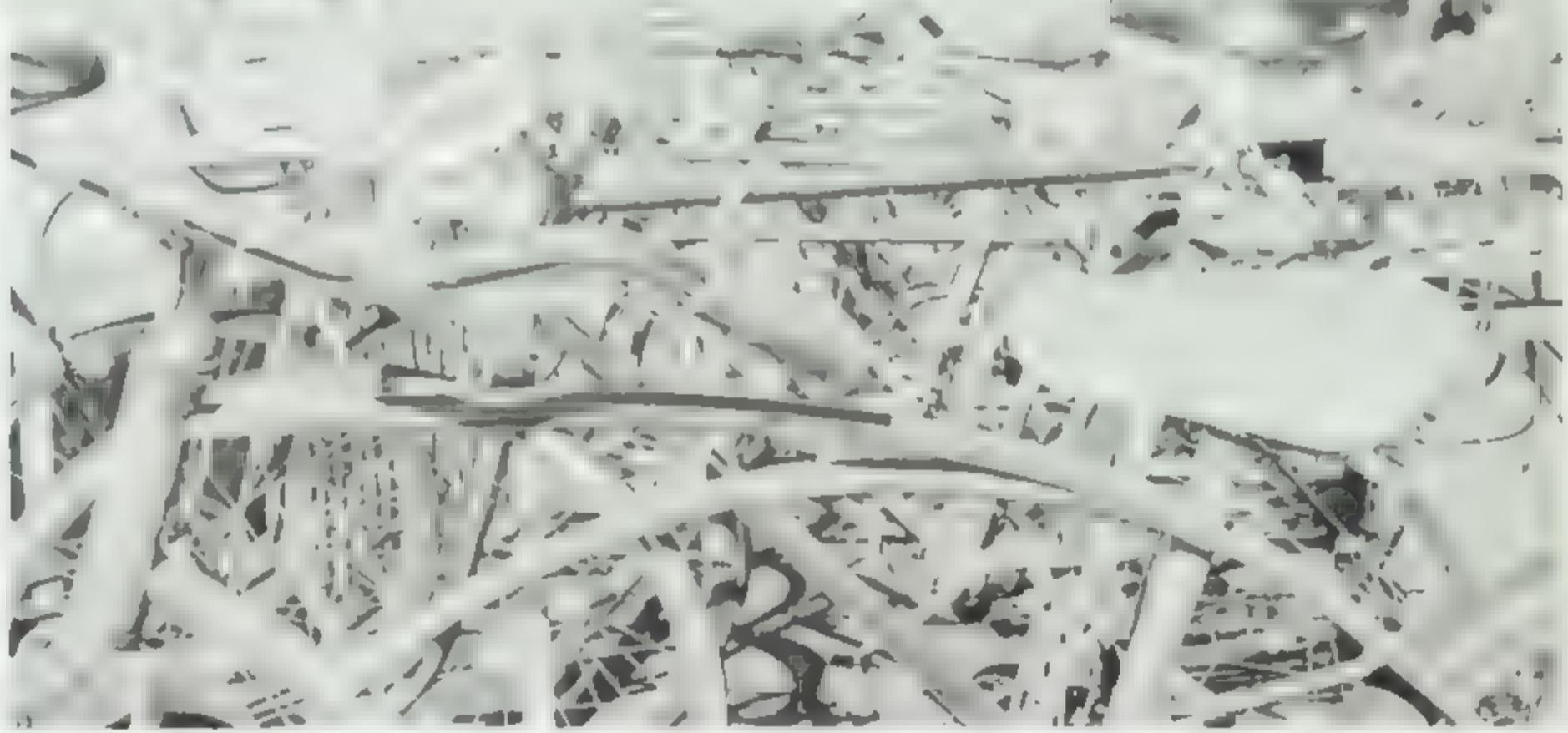
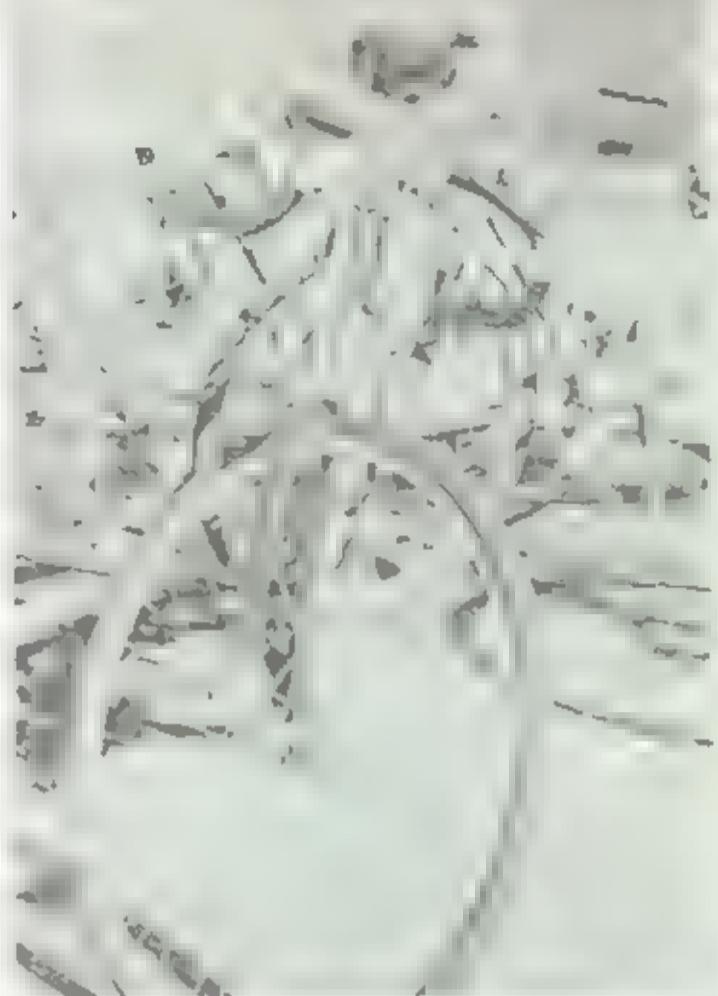
Mike  
Dougherty



Mark  
Drohman



Nature is an inalienable part of human nature. We can never blaspheme against it alone. Exterminate, and you shall be exterminated. Don't care, and one day, perhaps too late, you or your children will be made to care bitterly. Evolution holds no special brief, no elect place for man. It's only favorite is the species that keeps the options open. The nightmare of our century is that so many of man's options are closing on him. A main reason for this is that the individual increasingly lets society and its label-words usurp his own role and responsibility. We all know that we have to get things right between ourselves and the other forms of life on this crowded planet. What we don't or won't, know is that the getting right cannot be left to government, to the people who are paid to care. I make no apology for saying it again. Conservation can never be someone else caring. It is you caring. Now.



Dave  
Druley



Ed  
Dutra



Rick  
Eagle



Bob  
Edmunds



Terry  
Egan



Brian  
Elgin



Philip  
Emerson



## CROSS COUNTRY



Alfred  
Enright



Marty  
Espino



Larry  
Fuley



David  
Evans



Jeff  
Evans



Marty  
Fanciullo



Robert  
Farrell





"We went once around the field and then along a half-mile drive of elms, being cheered all the way, and I seemed to feel I was in the lead as we went out by the gate and into the lane, though I wasn't interested enough to find out. The course was marked by splashes of whitewash gleaming on gateposts and trunks and stiles and stones, and a boy with a waterbottle and bandage-box stood every half-mile waiting for those that dropped out or fainted. Over the first stile, without trying, I was still nearly in the lead but one; and if any of you want tips about running, never be in a hurry, and never let any of the other runners know you are in a hurry, and never let any of the other runners know you are in a hurry even if you are. You can always overtake on long-distance running without letting the others smell the hurry in you; and when you've used your craft like this to reach the two or three up front then you can do a big dash later that puts everybody else's hurry in the shade because you've not had to make haste up until then. I ran to a steady jog-trot rhythm, and soon it was so smooth that I forgot I was running, and I was hardly able to know that my legs were lifting and falling and my arms going in and out, and my lungs didn't seem to be working at all, and my heart stopped that wicked thumping I always get at the beginning of a run. Because you see I never race at all; I just run, and somehow I know that if I forget I'm racing and only jog-trot along until I don't know I'm running I always win the race... and I wonder if I'm the only one in the running business with this system of forgetting that I'm running because I'm too busy thinking...

I trotted on along the edge of a field bordered by the sunken lane, smelling green grass and honeysuckle, and I felt as though I came from a long line of whippets trained to run on two legs... and I could just see the corner of the fenced-up copse in front where the only man I had to pass to win the race was going all out to gain the half-way mark. Then he turned into a tongue of trees and bushes where I couldn't see him anymore, and I couldn't see anybody, and I knew what the loneliness of the long-distance runner running across country felt like, realizing that as far as I was concerned this feeling was the only honesty and realness there was in the world and I knowing it would be no different ever, no matter what I felt at odd times, and no matter what anybody else tried to tell me. It was hard to understand, and all I knew was that you had to run, run, run, without knowing why you were running, but on you went through fields you didn't understand and into woods that made you afraid, over hills without knowing you'd been up and down, and shooting across streams that would have cut the heart out of you had you fallen into them. And the winning post was no end to it, even though crowds might be cheering you in, because



Steve  
Feeley



David  
Ferrari



Doug  
Ferrari



Dan  
Ferree



Dave  
Ferriera



Mike  
Feulner



Barry  
Ferro





on you had to go before you got your breath back, and the only time you stopped really was when you tripped over a tree trunk and broke your neck or fell into a disused well and stayed dead in the darkness forever...

I've just come up out of the sunken lane, kneed and elbowed, thumped and bramble-scratched, and the race is two-thirds over, and a voice is going like a wireless in my mind saying that when you've had enough of feelin' good like the first man on earth of a frosty morning, an' you've known how it is to be taken bad like the last man

on earth on a summer's afternoon, then you get at last to being like the only man on earth and don't give a bogger about either good or bad, but just trot on with your slippers slappin' good dry soil that at least would never do you a bad turn. Now the words are like coming from a crystal-set that's broken down, and something's happening inside the shell-case of my guts that bothers me and I don't know why or what to blame it on, a grinding near my ticker as though



---

David  
Filice



Ed  
Finkas



James  
Fisher



Terry  
Fitzpatrick



Jay  
Fucci



Tim  
Girraud



Martin  
Garcia





"A bag of rusty screws is loose inside me and I shake them up every time I trot forward. Now and again I break my rhythm to feel my left shoulder-blade by bring a right hand across my chest as if to rub the life away that has somehow got stuck there. But I know it's nothing to bother about, that more likely it's caused by too much thinking that now and again I have to worry."

"The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner"---  
Alan Sillitoe



Brent  
Gattuccio



Steve  
Gerst



Larry  
Ginestra



Cassian  
Goodpasture



Jim  
Goosen



Dylan  
Gregory



Paul  
Grenier





Cross-Country running isn't all loneliness however. Sometimes there's a crowd. And there's the bus ride to the meet. And the occasional blonde walking her dog. Screaming parents. Screaming coaches. Screaming muscles.

You don't have the student body there to cheer you - and you tell yourself it doesn't matter. It doesn't.



---

Chris  
Griggs

Scott  
Guadan

Kelley  
Guasticc

Allen  
Currols

Pat  
Haniger

Andrew  
Hansen

Dave  
Harlow





But you wish the rallies would do more than mention  
you as an afterthought.

Practice makes perfect, they say, but mostly it just makes you sick to your stomach. Sanchez falls off Leadley's van and all you can do is laugh and puke. All he can do is bleed. Up hill, up up hill. Down. Turn. And the knife in the lungs. Maybe Sillitoe was right. The Pain. Navarra, what ARE you trying to prove? I guess we all, sometime or another, go it alone. Maybe Sillitoe was right. Alone. The pain. The knife in the lungs.



Gay  
Harris

Bill  
Haunfelder

Mark  
Havstad

Dan  
Hernandez

James  
Hershman

Greg  
Higgins

Lea  
Lowe



## VARSITY FOOTBALL



The Monarch offense rushed for 243 yards with Mike Gill gaining 88, as the defense held MSJ to a mere six yards. The Monarchs won, 25-0.



Both Randy Strawn and Mike Gill scored a touchdown as Mitty crushed Mt. Pleasant 17-6. Mitty outran and outpassed their opponents, 239-72.

Bartkowski isolated a halfback on our linebacker and the Bruiser beat a too confident Mitty, 12-7.

The Monarchs' Randy Sheleman gained 23 and 33 yards on two pass receptions, and Mike Long blocked a PAT, but Riordan dropped Mitty, 33-7.



Ed Struss capped a fantastic 76 yard drive with a 3 yard touchdown run, giving Mitty a 7-6 victory over St. Francis.

Mike Gill



Steve Welch



Ed Struss



Joe Cimino



Bill Patterson



Dave Brown



Tom Fleischli



And then came  
the Bells: 14-14  
at the half, but  
46-20 at the gun.  
A bad end to a  
good season.



Pat Kohlman, Mitty's leading scorer and pass receiver, made 1 touchdown and Ed Struss ran for 2 in a 28-15 win over Serra, our fourth.

Mitty did it again--this time a 28-12 win vs. Sacred Heart. Struss, Strawn, Smith and Patterson all scored, while Fleischli made four PATs.

Randy Strawn blocked a would-be-tying PAT attempt and nailed their QB to stifle a late SJH drive, saving a 7-6 win over San Jose High.

Gill ran 134 yards, Fleischli booted a 43 yard field goal, and Struss hit Kohlman twice. Mitty won it in the trenches, 16-14 over S.I.

Glen Smith



Jack Coupens



Randy Rajkovich



Will Battaglia



Marc Picolini



Rich Fazio



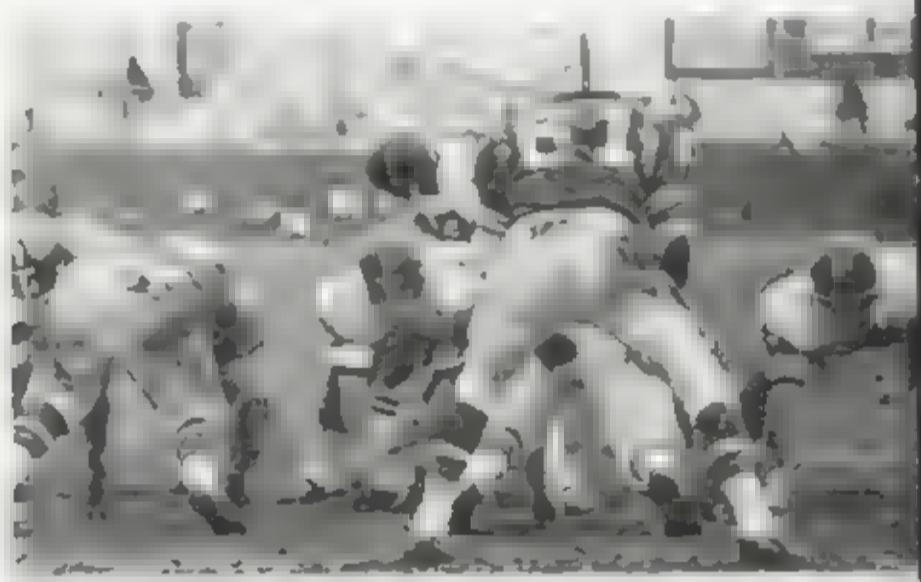
Martin Sweeney



## LINEMEN



Featured here are six of the Demonarch's people-crunching linemen. The not so little "Little Rhino" Mark Picolini, gained two berths on the all-league 2nd team. Rich Rizio, another hulk, was hurt in the Sacred Heart game, which curtailed his people-crunching for the season. Mitty's league-leading scorer and a fantastic receiver - Pat Kohlman. Another all-league member is Tom Nickel, the team captain during Smith's absence. Randy Strawn, a good tackler, should be back for another "smashing" season. Colorful Joe Conte, center, rounds out the team and keeps up their morale with his loony antics.



Gary Arnold



Mark Fine



Pat Kohlman



Randy Strawn



Tom Nickel

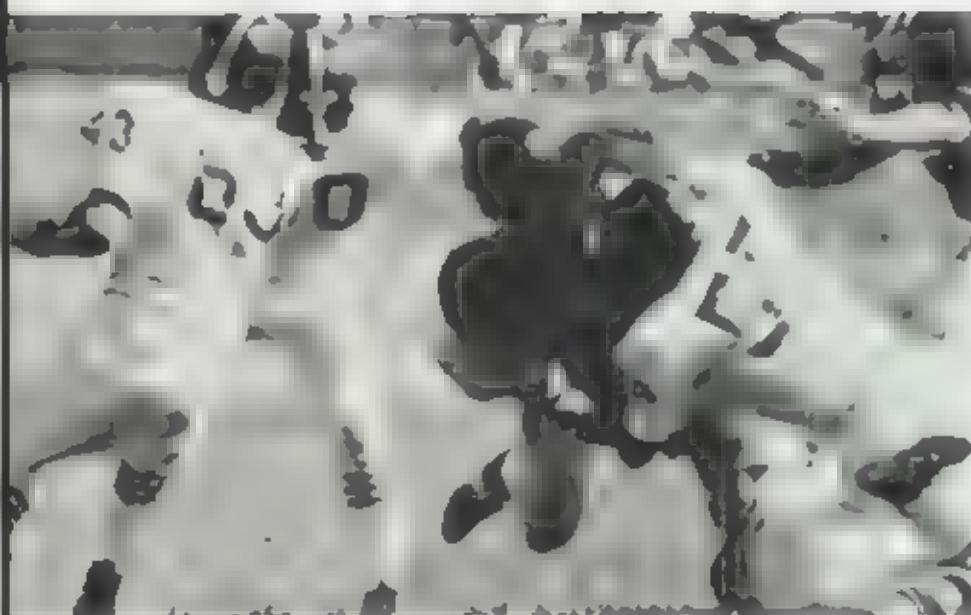


Mr. DeMonner



Dale Gregersen





Bruce  
Trapani

Mike  
Dullea

Steve  
Masen

Mike  
Pena

Matt  
Campi

Paul  
Hathaway

Pat  
Scudero

## BACKS

The mighty Mitty backfield turned the team on to seven victories. Here are some regulars: QB Ed Struss threw and ran for over 1500 yards. Tony Lupina did a fine job as punt returner. Punter Steve Welch averaged 29 yards per boot, while Tom Fleischli kicked for 24 points. Joe Cimino played sparingly but well. Averaging 3.8 yards per carry was Dave Brown.



Mike Long

Don Landry

Jim Tavayo

Bill Gard

John Baggot

Randy Sheleman

Tony Bozzini





Only Bill Patterson could run for a TD with four "tacklers" on his back, as he did in the Sacred Heart game. Speedy Mike Gill ran for over 900 yards.



Mr. Williams

Joe  
Conte

Art  
Ferraro

Tom  
Lupina

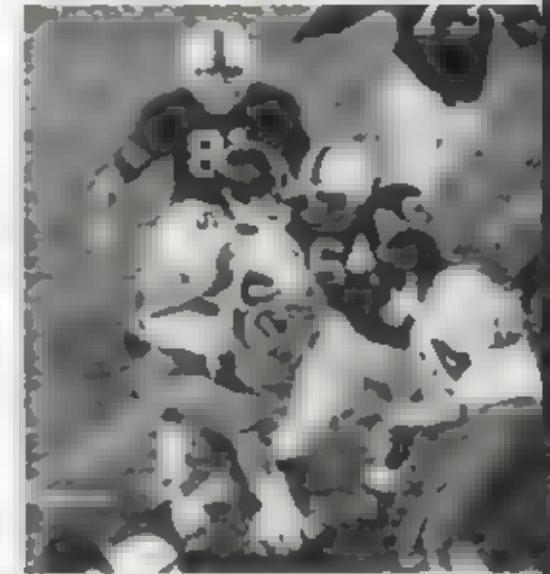


## JV-FROSH FOOTBALL

The freshman football team skidded to a 1-5 record this year. Their lone victory was a 25-0 rout of Sacred Heart.

Several factors determined the disappointing outcome of the season. Though the team was spirited, it was a small squad and it lacked depth. The fierce competition in a strong league overwhelmed them.

Pat Haniger, Pat Owens, Steve Blair, Lou Howe, Mike Taylor, and Don Schwartz are promising players coach Petronovich believes will be part of a fine varsity squad.



Chris  
Kohlman



Dan  
Krassowski



Bryan  
Kudela



Stuart  
Jaquez



Robert  
Jindrich



Ray  
Jones



Carlo  
Ittare





The JV's, with coaches Barry and Sinnott, wound up with a 1-9 record. The shortage of players hurt; some were on both offense and defense, eliminating the chance at in-depth training for specific positions.

Players V. Brandalise, R. Kolegraff, A. Sturla, M. Garcia, C. Vellis, and G. VonRaesfeld may be future varsity material

James  
Kissinger

Chris  
Kendall

Stan  
Luna

Mike  
Lopes

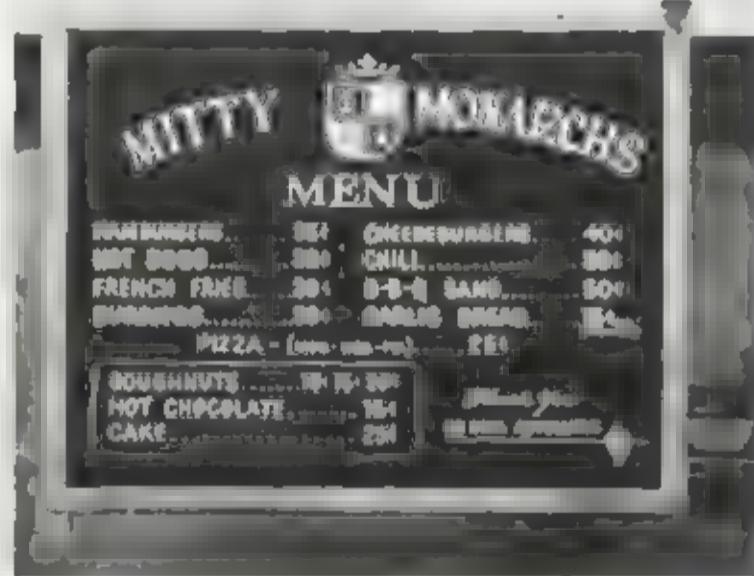
Doug  
Long

Mike  
Lombardi

Bill  
Leyar



# AND THEN THERE IS THE FOOD & CARDS



Randy  
Lafrom



Jeff  
Landry



John  
Myers



Mark  
Lascola



Steve  
Lateur



Gregg  
Lefferts



Mike  
Myslkinski





David  
Morin



Mike  
Morn



John  
Morley



George  
Mulcaive



Mike  
Muniz



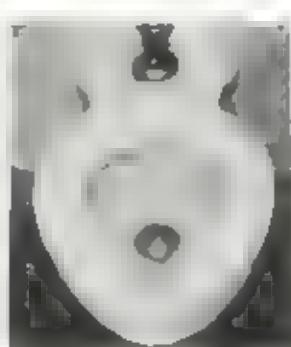
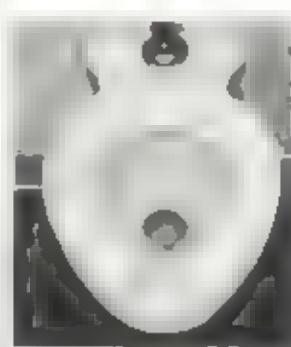
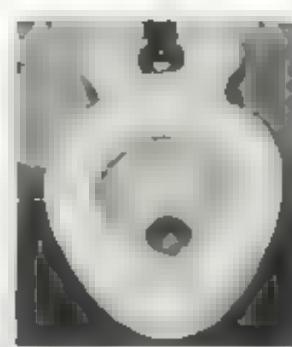
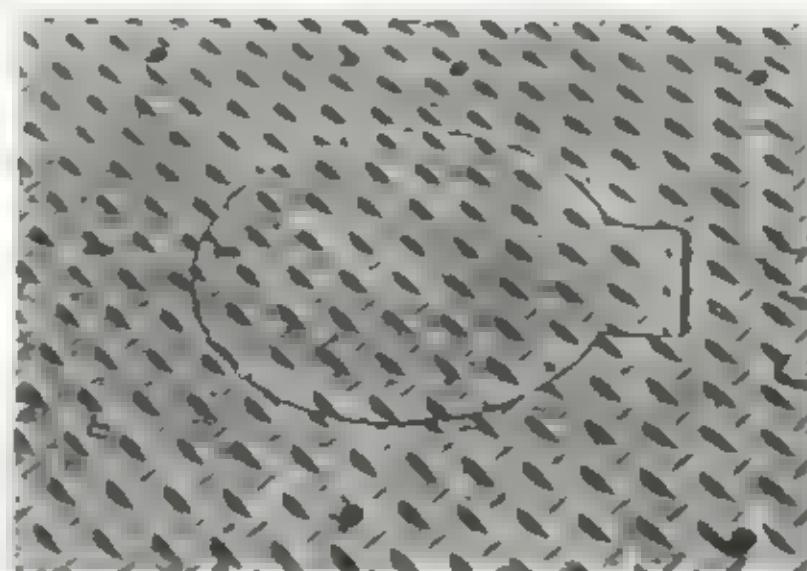
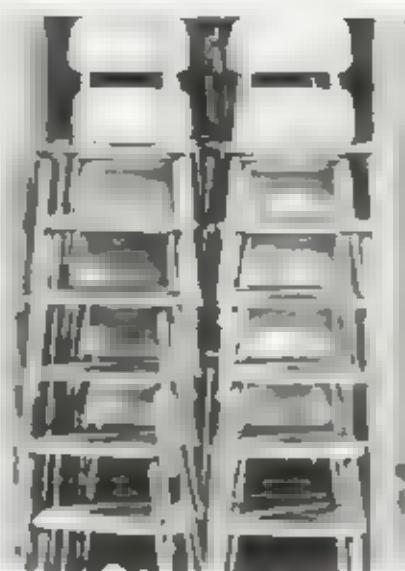
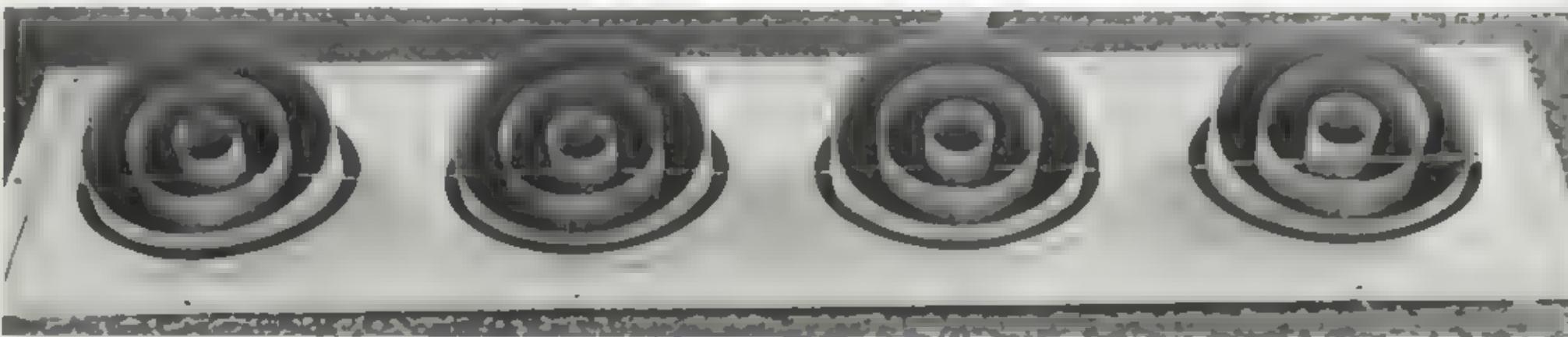
Mark  
Munley



Terry  
Murry



## SOME MINOR DETAILS



Larry  
Miklich



Dan  
MimMack



Kelly  
Monahan



Eddie  
Mnotiel



Marty  
Moreali

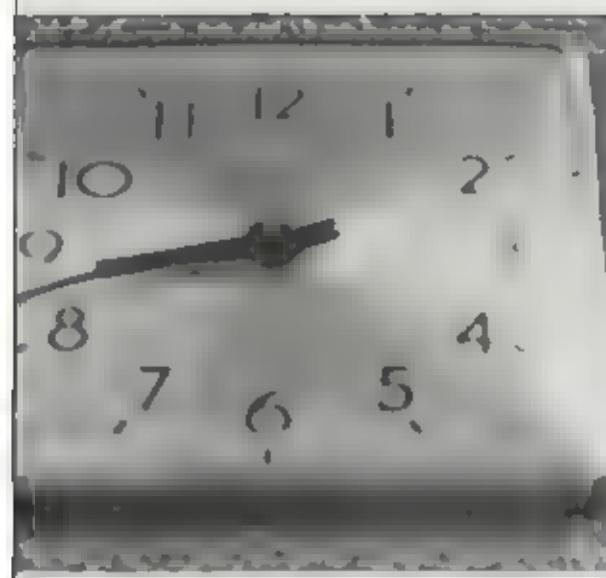


Mario  
Moreno

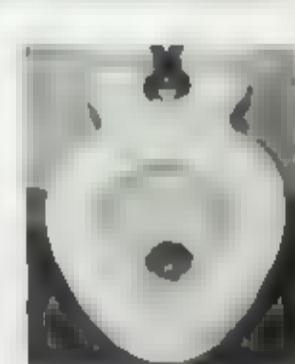
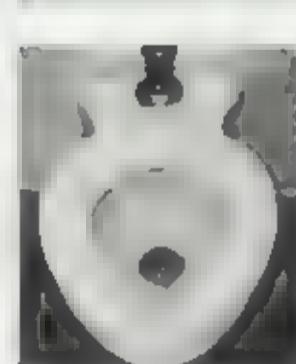
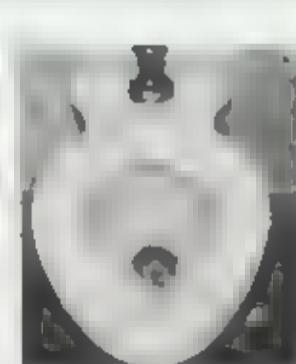
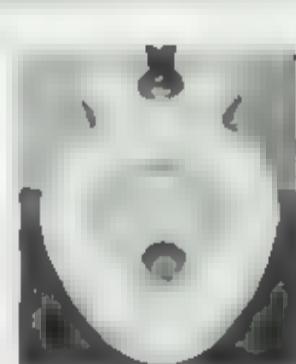
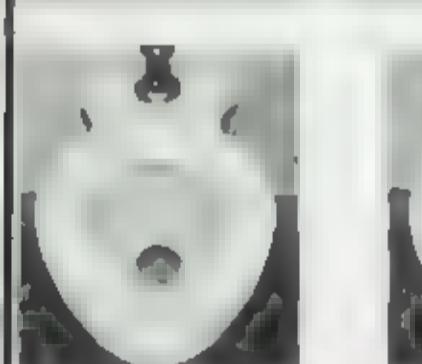
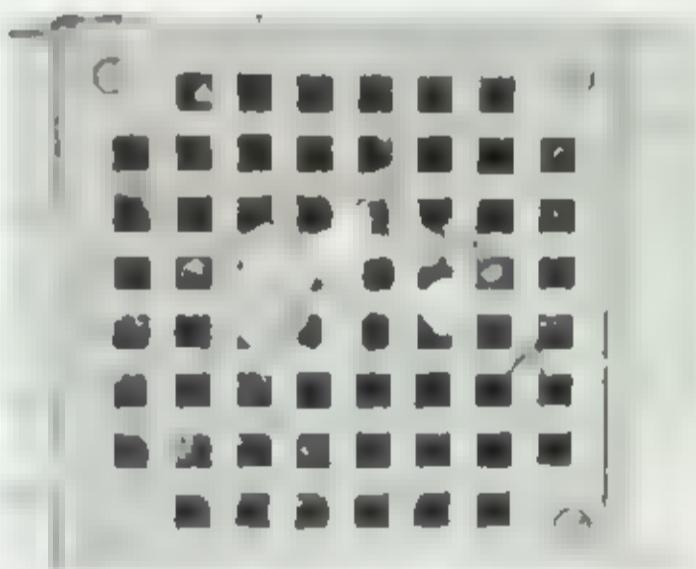


Kevin  
Morgan





EVIT



Brian  
McDonald



Mike  
McDouell



Jim  
McKenzie



Gary  
McLeod



Kevin  
McWeeney



Mike  
Meek



Mark  
Messier



# SOUND MIND...



Anthony  
Martino



Jim  
Mantino



Bob  
Mathews



Mark  
McAdams



Philip  
McCarthy



Mike  
McCloskey



Steve  
McDermott





Jim  
Nicholson



Jeff  
Nicoletta



John  
Nolan



Dave  
MacIntyre



Greg  
MacIntyre



Mike  
Malone



Frank  
Martinez



# SOUND BODY



Mark Pouio



Jeff Nelson



Danny Nelson



Bob Naughten



Gay Naugle



Miguel Ortega



Sean Okane





Anthony Lattucci Mark Pizarek

Martin Piper

Matthew Pandrock

Pat Perry

Jim Pavley

Dave Argani

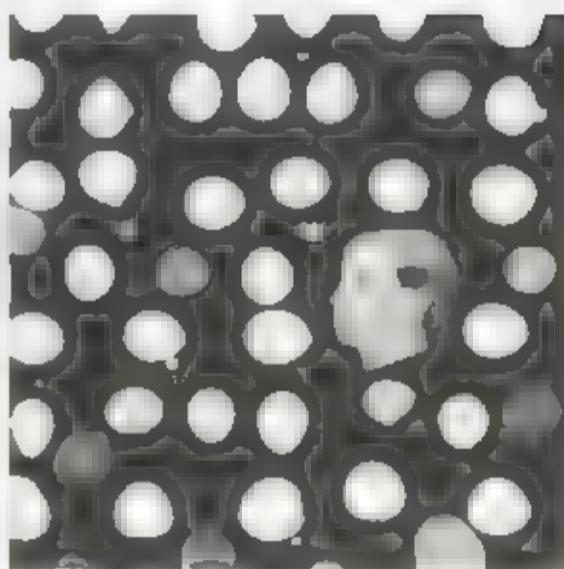


# MITTY PEOPLE



ecology

now



Dave  
Regaldo



John  
Reges



Mark  
Riofrio



Ken  
Rivera



Don  
Rice



Bill  
Romasko



Tony  
Romo





Pat  
Ransil



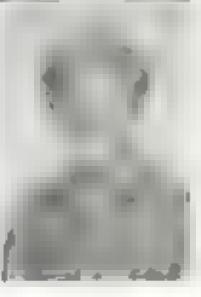
Steve  
Rakich



Dave  
Rajkovich



Carl  
Rabe



Donald  
Schwartz



Scott  
Schneider



Mike  
Schibler



## DRAMA

There have been athletic successes and failures, but Mitty theatre and music has always been of the finest quality. The Fall Season saw repertory performances of Arsenic and Old Lace and Tartuffe. The several bands somehow get better every year (the '69-70 group finished third in five western states at Reno); music and Mitty have become synonymous. The following article looks not at the well-known, but turns attention to a solid group of musicians working relatively independent of the Academically Established units.

There are some things this country doesn't need any more of, comedians, construction engineers, and people who want to give their opinions about music. The shame of it all is that some people who really KNOW something about music are never heard above the din of ill-informed disc-jockeys and newsmen who have become instant music critics by virtue of a local festivity. Of course if you

sell a million records or catch the fancy of the right promoter, your opinions on music, revolution, philosophy, etc. will splash across the pages of ROLLING STONE, DOWN BEAT, or even TIME or NEWSWEEK. Mitty's community of musicians who have worked independently to put their ideas into sound, have a wide spectrum of thoughts concerning music, what is its purpose, and where it's going.

Most of the community's artisans are striving to attain an original sound, and some of them, when asked who influenced them took it as an insult, as though they were being asked who they were trying to copy. The "teen Bands" of the early 60s who tried to look and act as much like the Beatles or the Rolling Stones as possible just aren't around anymore. This is good, but a musician should know where his roots are, and be able to recognize his influences. John Coltrane always credited Lester Young and Charlie Parker as being great influences

on his style.

Leon Thomas, avante garde jazz singer and drummer, goes even deeper into his roots and speaks of African music as being a very integral part of his music. For "acid-rock" fanatics, there is not a whole lot to look forward to; it looks more and more as though Jimi Hendrix took his music with him to the grave. But then no form of music ever really dies, its reign as a predominant music may pass, but it continues to influence other people as music itself continues to evolve. It may be as guitarist Dave Anderson put it, "Yeah, I still like that kind of stuff, but everybody's doing it and there's not much chance for a new band breaking into it;" or it may be that music is a form of communication and there are other things to communicate -- like personal thoughts, and new musical idea

Steve Fanelli, Dan Dahlhauser, Paul Hathaway, and Brian Sheredy are



LEWIS  
Sternard

Joe  
Salerno

Gregg  
Sabatell

Mike  
Scudero

Michael  
Scutero

Vince  
Siquenza

Shawn  
James



four Mitty munors who have recently formed a band along with pianist Phyllis Pearson from Mother Butler Steve, who has played for seven years (mostly 12-string guitar), sat on one of those plasticized benches in the Mitty foyer as he tried to explain in his low, soft-spoken voice where music is going and what its function is

"Music that was drug oriented, basically started by the Beatles, is starting towards Christianity. Music is a form of communication; you can use music as a sort of tool to touch upon shadows of thought." Leonard Cohen

and Mason Williams have been influences on . . . Later I found another member of their band, Dan Dalhauser.

"I've had guitars around me since I was about eight. But I took my first lesson eight months ago, and I had my last lesson seven months ago." He paused for a moment and pushed his shoulder-length, stringy black hair back over his ears, and continued. "I didn't improve at all during that time. I play for my own pleasure, which is why I can't play anything anybody else likes."

I asked him what else he played besides guitar. He said "I can play anything, but just not very well, sometimes not at all." Like Fanelli he couldn't say what his music would really sound like, but offered some ideas, "We play our own music the way it comes out, we let it flow together. We've decided not to decide what it will sound like . . . because we know our range of music is greater than we think."

Dave Anderson was probably best described by one Mitty student: "the Monster that never was." He is tall,



Tom Sipiora



Jeff Smithers



Paul Smith



Tim Smith



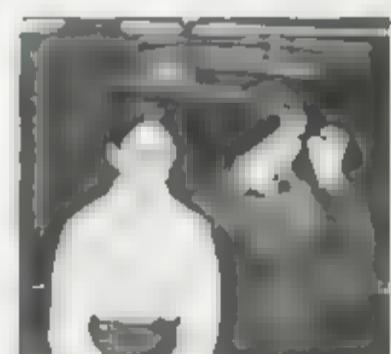
Edward Spence



Bill Sprugasci



Dominick Stea





Dennis Smith



Brian Sullivan



Jim Sullivan



Kevin Sweeney



Mike Taylor



Paul Telles



Mike Tiernan





thin, and has long brown hair that covers all but one thin strip of face. That which isn't covered by hair stares through steel-rimmed blue glasses, and smiles a lot when he's in a good mood.

"Where is Rock going? . . . I where IS it going? . . . We're trying to play progressive rock," he said of his group, Sweet Rush. "We're TRYING. I think that's the real direction, that's real musicianship . . . stuff like John McLaughlin and Harvey Mandel."

I'm playing abstract jazz and contemporary jazz" explained the drummer with long hair as he sat across the

table from me. "What I mean by that is total improvisation at a give progression."

Mark Stanford started playing drums at eleven because he was "intrigued by African rhythmatics." He has played with a number of local rock groups and is now working with me in a band that as he puts it "has a variety of styles. Bob (Garcia, Mitty '70, now at SJS) is working with his stuff, I'm working with avante-garde, and I don't know what you're doing."

"What I want to do is play Black jazz; the term Black Jazz means the original foundation which so many people took and screwed . . . It would take a whole page to list all the people who have influenced me; I would say Philly Jo Jones and Cootie Williams." Of the state of music today, "I want the sound to mellow; the sound is mellowing from acid rock. "I like music because it means audio-emotion; it's the only art that can tamper with the inside and fluctuate the nervous system."



Bill Patterson is not you're typical idea of a musician. A solo folk guitarist-singer who "jams a lot with friends", he is NOT generally seen sitting in the hallways, guitar in hand, harp in mouth, holding impromptu folk-blues sessions. Clean cut, broad shouldered, Bill is the varsity fullback-defensive end who helped lead Mitty's football team into the first division and almost to a WCAL championship. He does look a lot like a cowboy though when he talks out of the side of his mouth, or when he grins and says, "really whaddya want to interview

Con't. p. 45



Michael  
Tierney



Ray  
Townsend

Brien  
Torres



Andy  
Trevino



Brady  
Turner



Tom  
Vanderbosch



Terry  
Vane

MR. ODDO



Lou  
Valletta



Art  
Van Overin



Joe  
White



Tim  
Wilkinson



Andy  
Williams



Mark  
Windeler



Bruce  
Wynn



## AND THE MUSICIANS



Ken  
Wall

Alan  
Watt

T.L.  
Weiner

Eug  
Wells

Jim  
Whalen

Mark  
Yandow

Chris  
Zanette



## PRACTICE



Fred  
Ackerman



Tim  
Adams



Tim  
Allen



Eric  
Anderson



Donald  
Arnold



Jim  
Atwell



Mike  
Azevedo





Deran  
Bacon



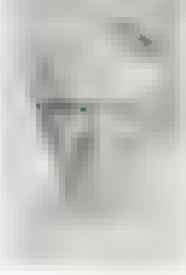
Dennis  
Baldwin



Robert  
Ban



Steve  
Baratta



Oscar  
Battagan



John  
Harts



Mose  
Ritter



# PERFORMANCE



**Chris  
Berndsen**



**Mike  
Benton**



**Jean  
Large**



**Michael  
Bradford**



**Dave  
Brady**



**Vic  
Prandoless**



**Anthony  
Trindis**



me for? . . . Folk music, I play it because I like it. I don't know, just enjoy playing it." He is not trying to copy a style either. He does not talk a lot about communication, or self expression, he just plays it because it makes him feel good.

Rick Costa is a musician whom I have a very strong respect for. I got to know him about one year ago, back in the days of closed campus when you had to sneak over to Queen of Apostles to have a smoke. Rick is the lead guitarist with a group called Stone Free. He first started playing music in the first grade with the accordian, and continued that instrument through the third grade. He took up guitar five years ago, and now writes instrumentation and sings in addition to his guitar work.

"Our music does bear resemblance to other types of music, but it is not like any other music you've heard. We've asked people to classify it, but nobody can put a specific label on it. We use hidden meanings and symbolic

lyrics, but that's as much as you can come to classifying it, other than saying it's a type of rock. I can't think of anybody who has really influenced me; Eric Clapton is the only guitarist I can really listen to and get into.

'I can't speak for all music; a lot of people are doing things I don't agree with 100%, but I can tell you where MY head's at. I don't believe in staying in one place too long, because the world is constantly changing and the message has to change. The message helps people see things as they really are, and that's what Stone Free is all about.'

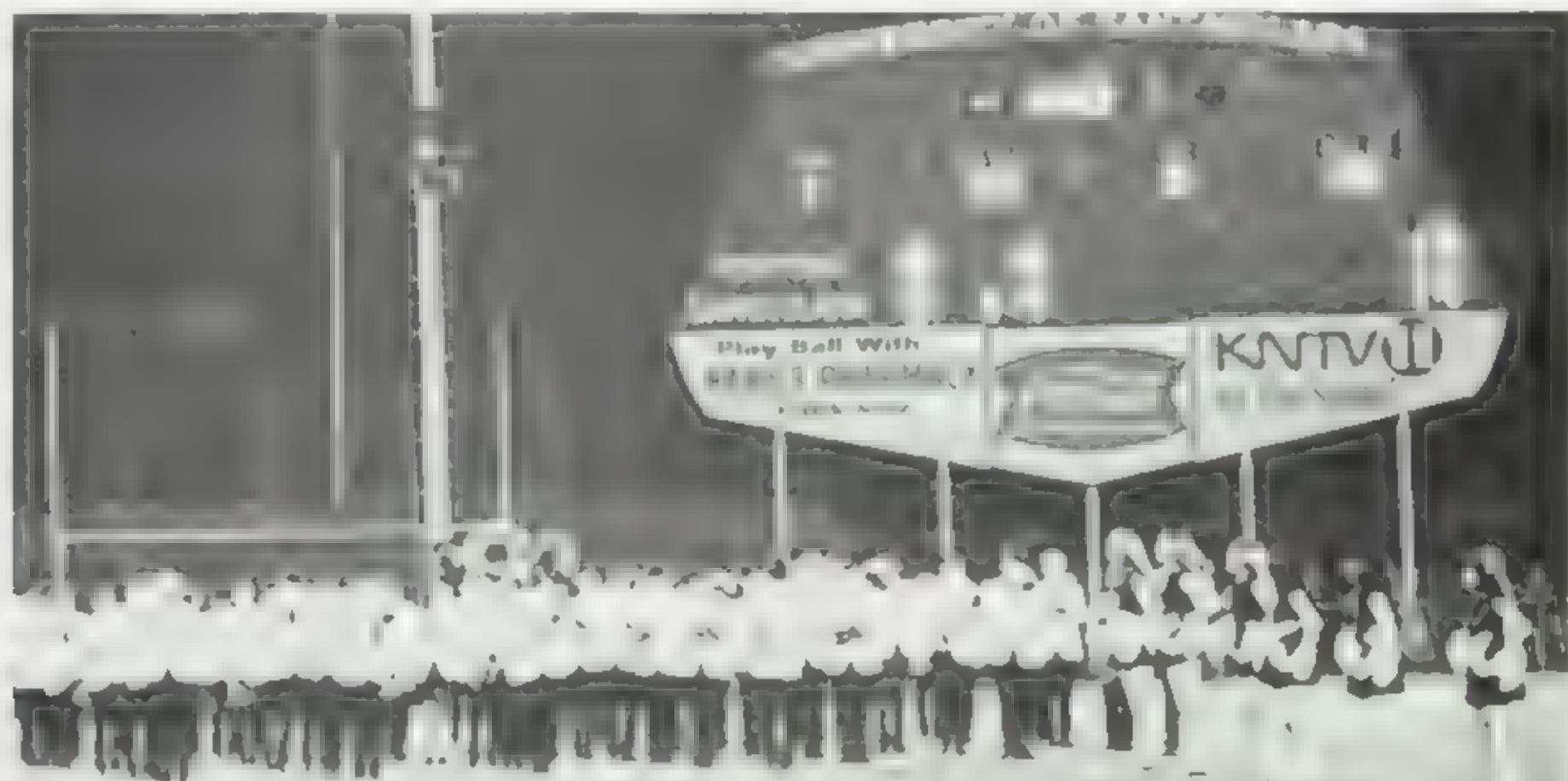
'I play music because you do whatever turns you on and this is what happens to turn me on . . . when I first started playing, I realized I could communicate with my instrument. After I got more involved and I started to play professionally, I realized I could transmit vibrations to other people, to people in the audience. . . . that's what music is all about, that's why jam sessions are so

fascinating. You can take control of a jam for a while, you don't have to be playing lead, you can get the whole group working on your ideas. But, you can only keep control for so long, and then you need someone else's ideas. That's what makes music exciting, everybody's ideas."

Music is an art, and like any other art is many-faceted. The attempt to capture the ideas of some of these musicians can only be a glimpse of what there is going on in the community. Innumerable guitarists, drummers, horn players and composers are working with their ideas in this school, and only a few have been mentioned.

Come tomorrow many of these ideas may have died or been forgotten, others may have, will have, possibly evolved into something valuable. The artist continues to try to work it out because, in the words of guitarist Steve Strunk, "You just do what you have to do."

--John Mix



Charles Brown



Tim Buchanan



James Utter



Steve



Pete Caputo



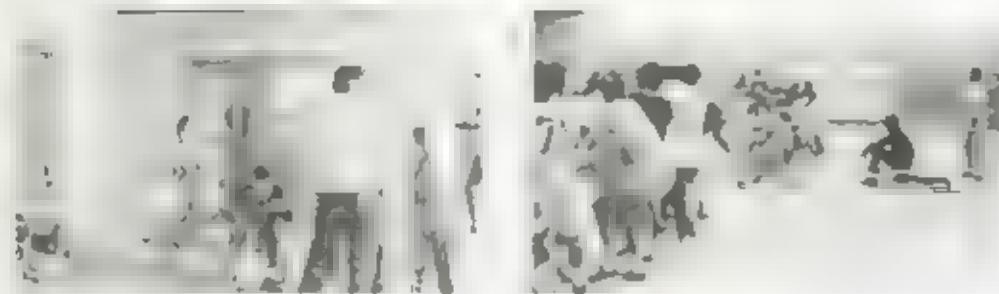
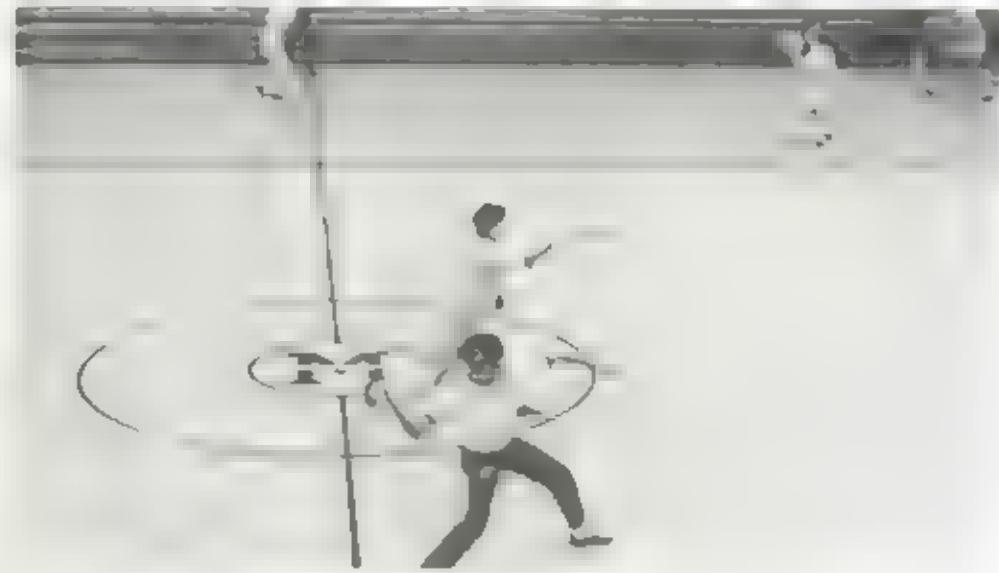
Neil Carroll



Kip Ceccarelli



# CHAMINADE DAY



Bernie  
Cesano

Greg  
Changras

Joe  
Chargin

Dave  
Chrappe

Ron  
Cieslak

Carl  
Cimino

Steve  
Clarke





rian  
Conry



Tony  
Corica



Bob  
Costa



Jim  
Costere



Mike  
Crawford



Jerry  
Creegan



Steve  
Dale



THANK YOU STANDARD OIL



Bruce Daley

Dan De Groot

Jeff Denevan

James Depaolis

Steve Devincenzi

Robert Dipallo

Robert Di Pa





Paul Dixon



James Edmonds



Michael Infantino



Carl Estrella



Peter Fasano



Gerry Freitas



Kevin Eurey



## BUCHSER TOURNAMENT



Mike Garcia



Dennis Gavin



Mike Gill



Joe Gillick



Matt Green



Keith Greene

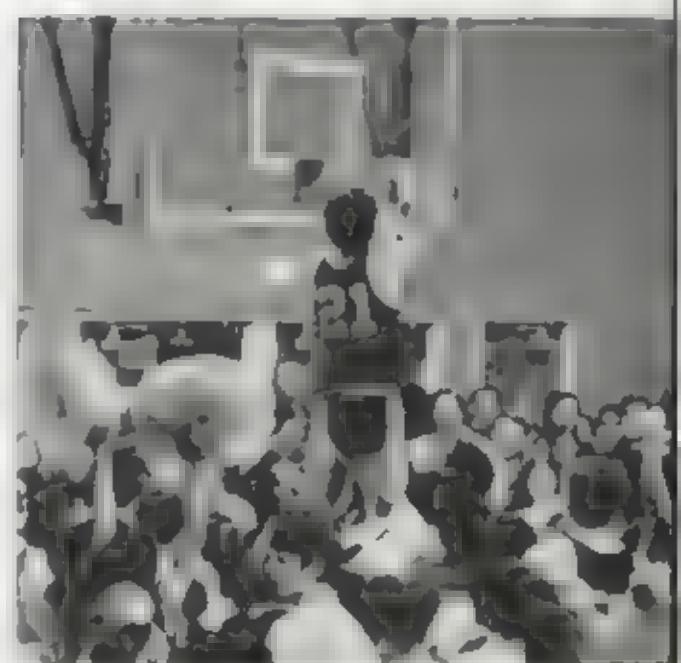


Gary Griggs





After 45 summer league victories, the Men's Varsity basketball contingent took a 6-0 pre-season record into the 1970 Tournament, went similarly, placing Hale and Flite on the all-star team. Three games later the Monarchs were 12-0 as the WAC, Northern California's longest league, began. At the end of the first round, the record was 15-3 and the Monarchs were under the gun. Only time would tell if the team who had been known in out of the gym 94-94 each successive 10-pal thriller would together for the run for the title.



Rob  
Cuetterro



Tom  
Cumane



Jim  
Cullett



Kirk  
Heinrichs



Anthony  
Hernandez

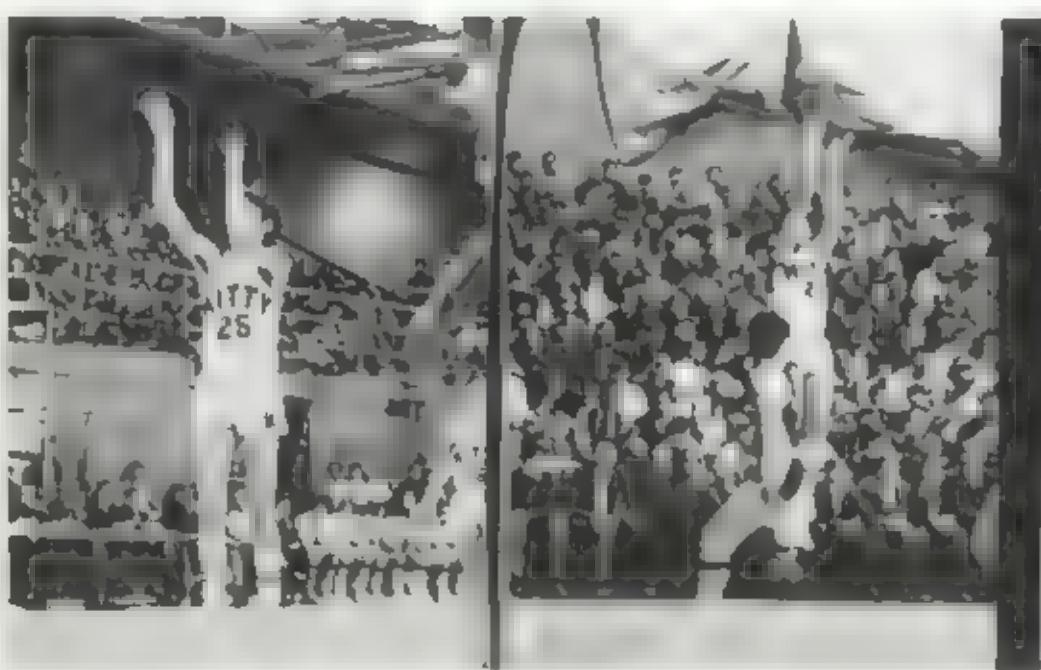
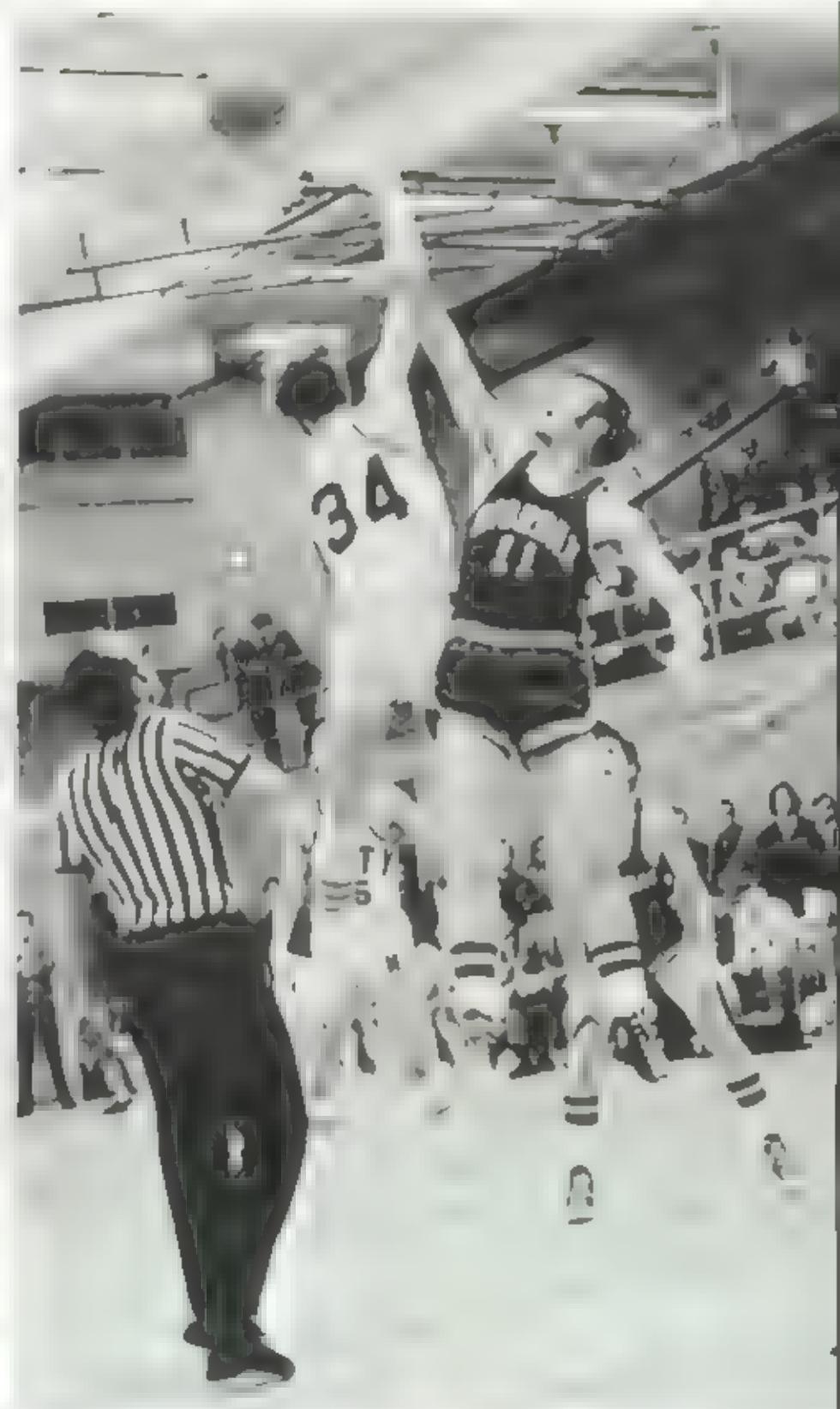
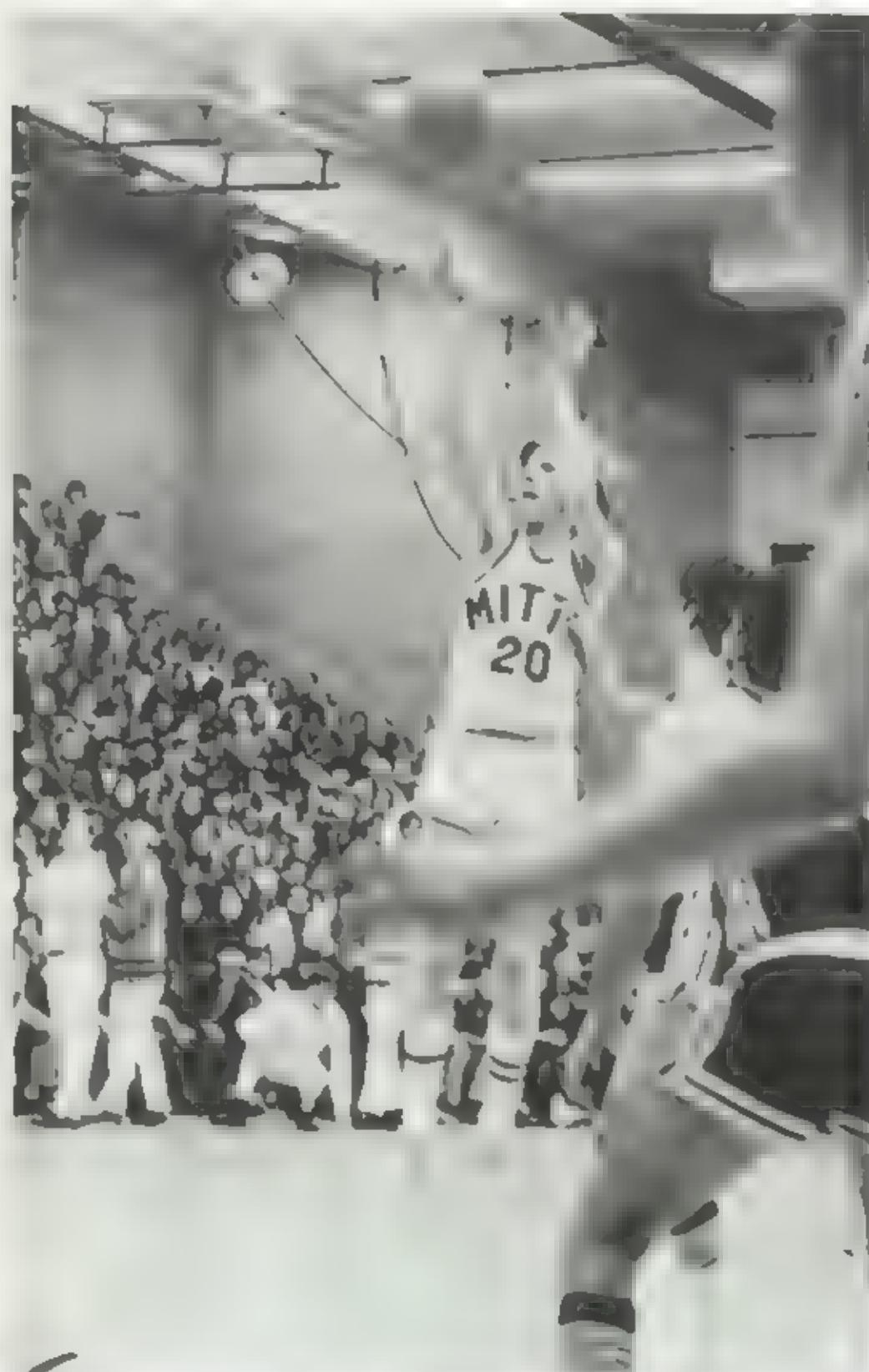


Paul  
Hernandez



Vic  
Hogan





Scott Jimenez



Dan Johnson



Dana Kammersgard



Mike Kelleher



Sean Kendall



Chris King



Don Klunder





Ron Kolegraaff



Doug Kremer



Robert Kucera



Paul Landry



Mark Leary

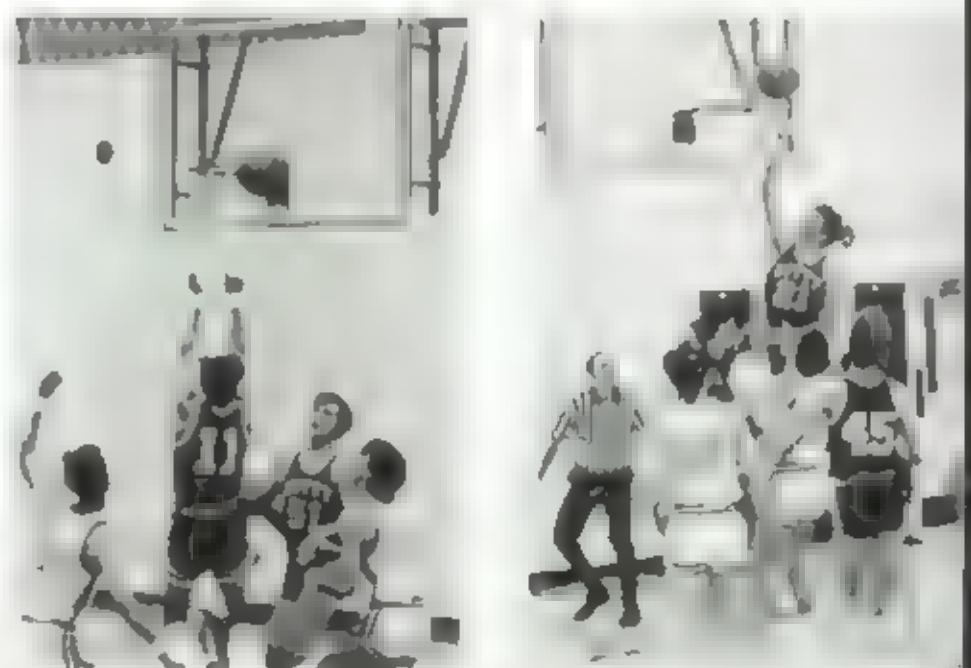
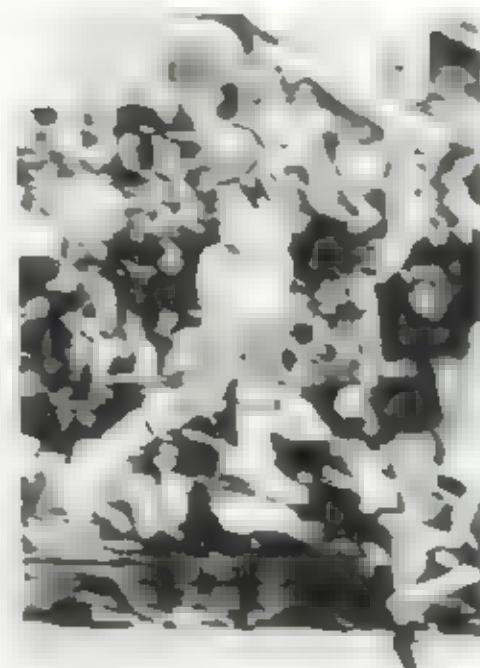
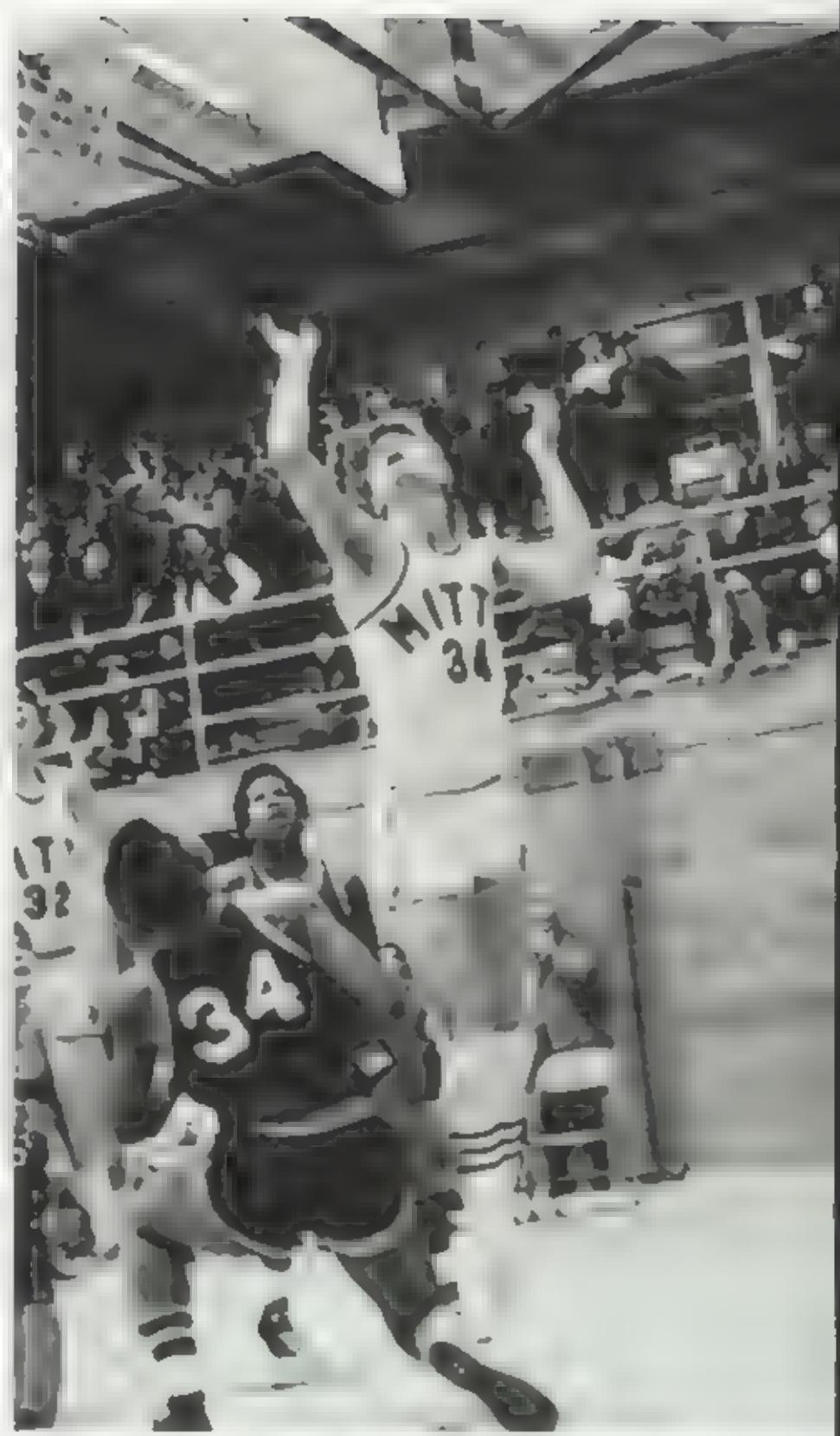


Jonn Liebmann



Gary Linney





Patrick  
Mansfield



Anthony  
Macaluso



Don  
Lynch



Jack  
Lutes



Dennis  
Lyden

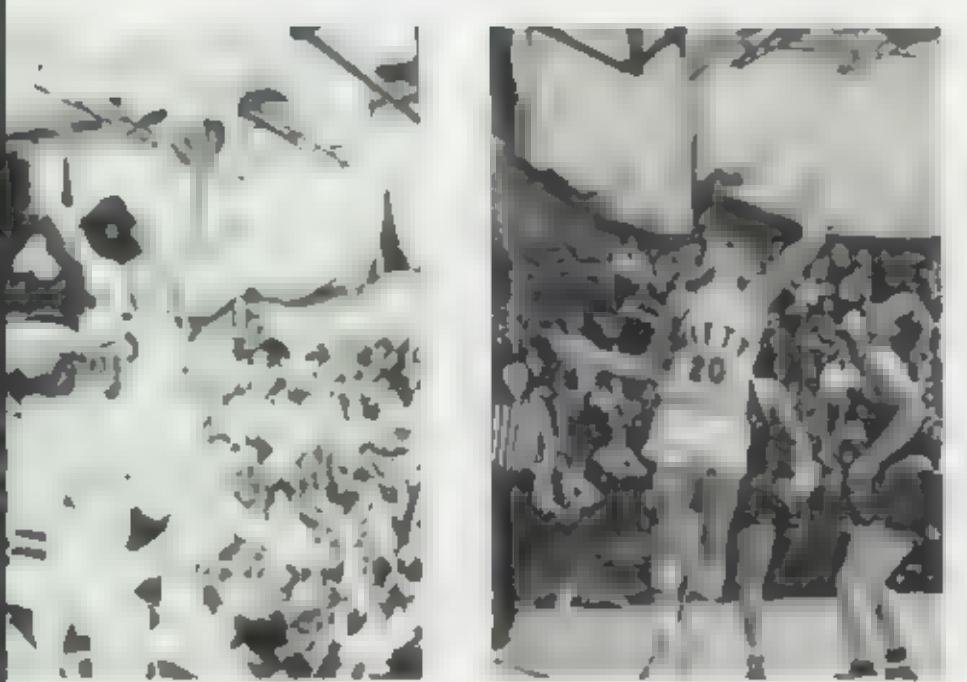


Tim  
Long



Brian  
Lorenz





Richard  
Marovich



Tony  
Martin



Jim  
Massung

Jim  
Mazzeo



Dave  
McAdams

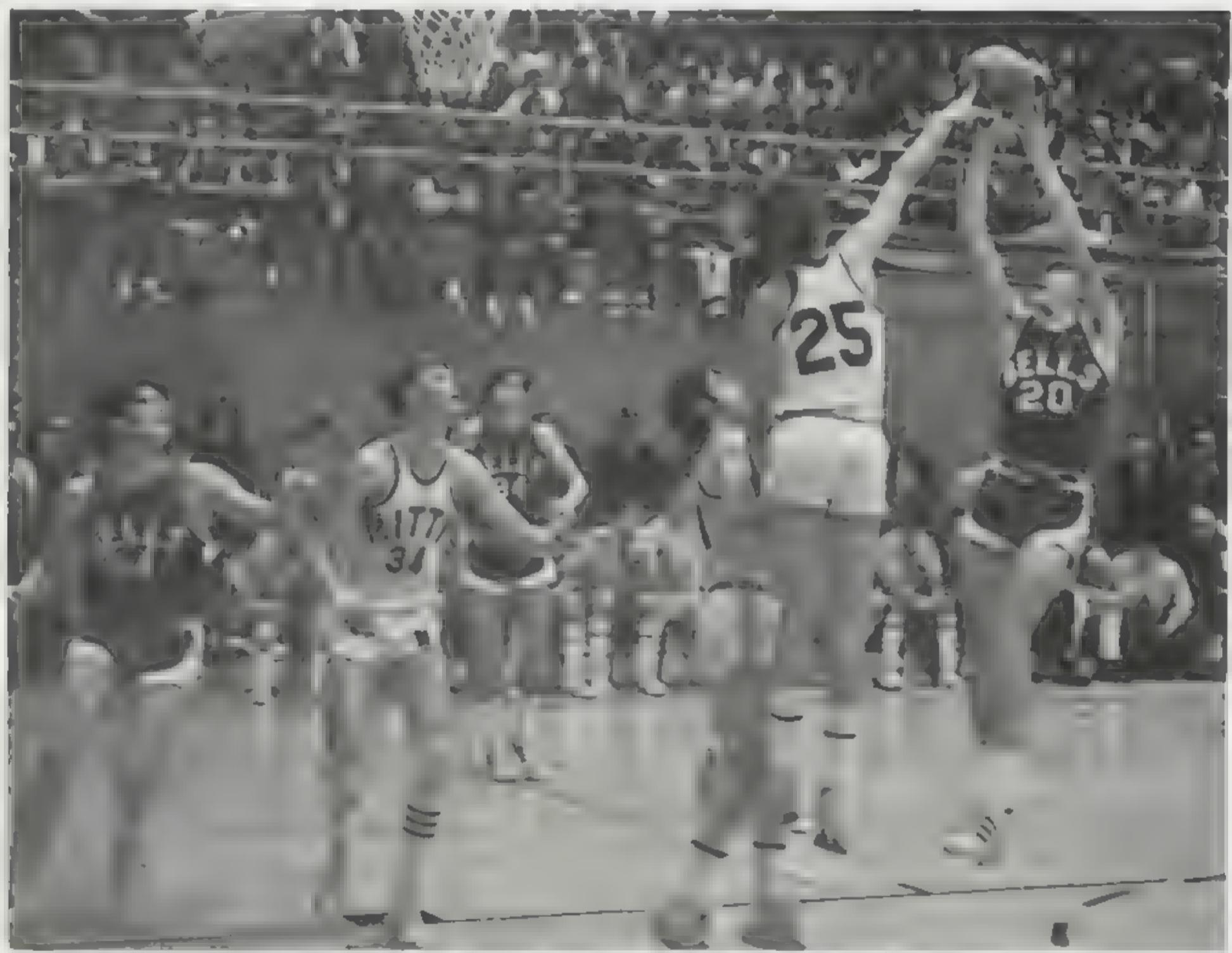


Iom  
McCulloch



John  
McIntosh





Fitzgerald



Jim  
McKillip



Richard  
McKezie



Robert  
Mezzetti



Charles  
Milani

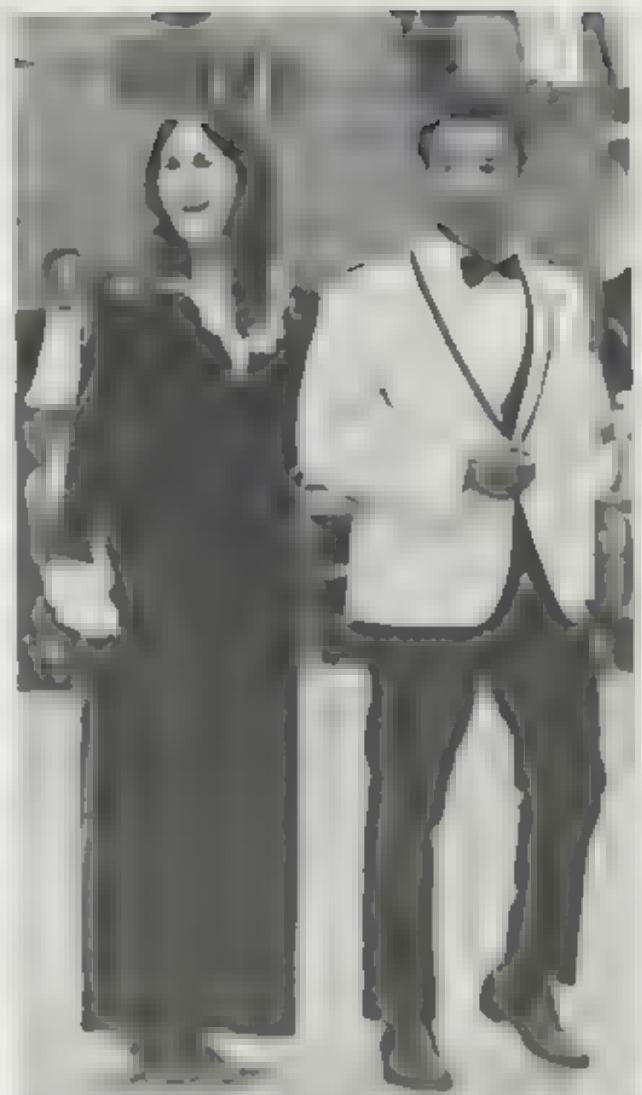


Rod  
Miller



Mike  
Mim Mack





Bruce  
Minnery



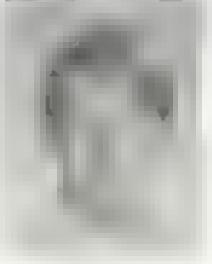
John  
Miotke



Greg  
Mushiae



Dan  
Nagengast



Terry  
Navarra



Fred  
Nieri



Grenades



S.F. 65  
Mitty 56



Mitty 67  
Serra 55



Mitty 68  
Riodan 59



Mitty 75  
Bellis 63



Mitty 60  
S.I. 40



Ray  
Townsend



Rick  
Hile



Tom  
Gray



Dave  
Pluto



Rick  
Robertson



Tim  
Walsh



Dan  
Sullivan





Mitty 59  
S.H. 50



Mitty 15  
S.H. 32



Mitty 73  
S.F. 52



Mitty 71  
S.F. 15



First Team All  
League: Tom Gray.  
Big Nine Honorable  
Mention: Dave Pluto,  
Chuck Robertson.

Matt  
Green



John  
Poy



Chris  
Costella



Loafman



Bill  
Pooley



Rick  
Costella



Karl  
Morin





Mitty had to come a long way to win the league, but the great offensive play of Tom Gray brought the Monarchs to the Playoffs. Mitty nabbed the title from the Lancers grasp as Dave Pluto took it to St. Francis' heralded Paul Boscovich in the WCAL Shaughnessy. Rick Hile played at top form, Dan Sullivan and Tim Walsh played better than ever, and Rick "Robbie" Robertson dominated whomever he was called upon to defend. "To be the best you've got to beat the best," Coach Fitzgerald said, and his Monarchs did just that. Lancer Tom Ganley (WCAL MVP) was snuffed and fouled out of both title tilts while superb Lancer junior Steve Plut never did get it together as Tom Gray played feverishly and Hile and Pluto put on a show to bring the gold to Mitty 5000.



Both Westmoor and Hillsdale looked to waylay the Monarchs enroute to the Region I Championship. Playing erratically the Monarchs still won handily as neither Westmoor nor Hillsdale were as tough as the leading WCAL teams. There were good words for Hillsdale's Schram ("...best player we've seen.") as the victorious Monarchs headed up the road to Stanford's expensive (rent: \$3,250 per night) Maple Pavilion and the CIF Finals Central Coast Section.

Mark  
Nolan



Paul  
Nolan



Steve  
Occipinti



Kelly Z.  
O'Connell

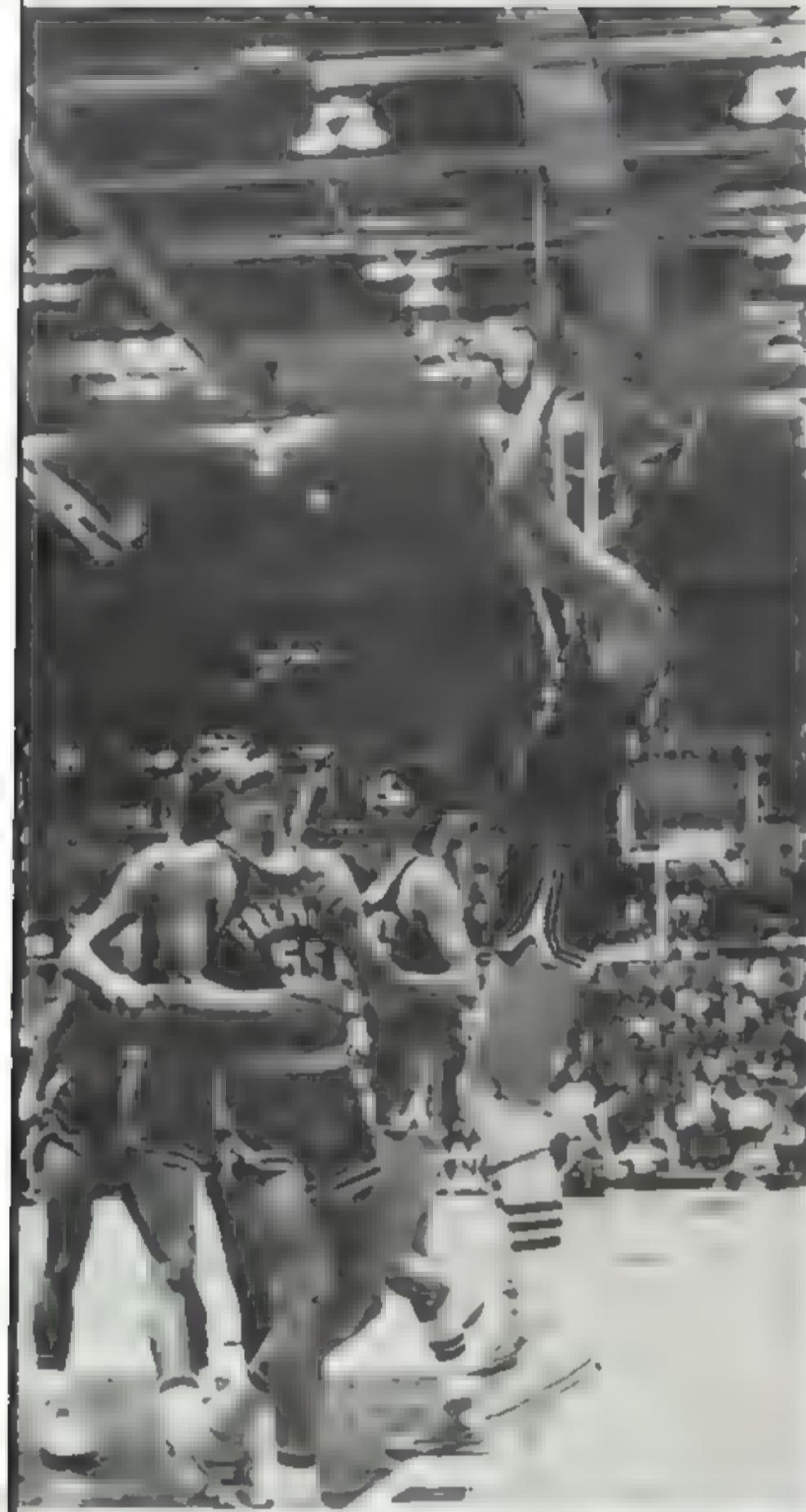


Tom  
Pardini



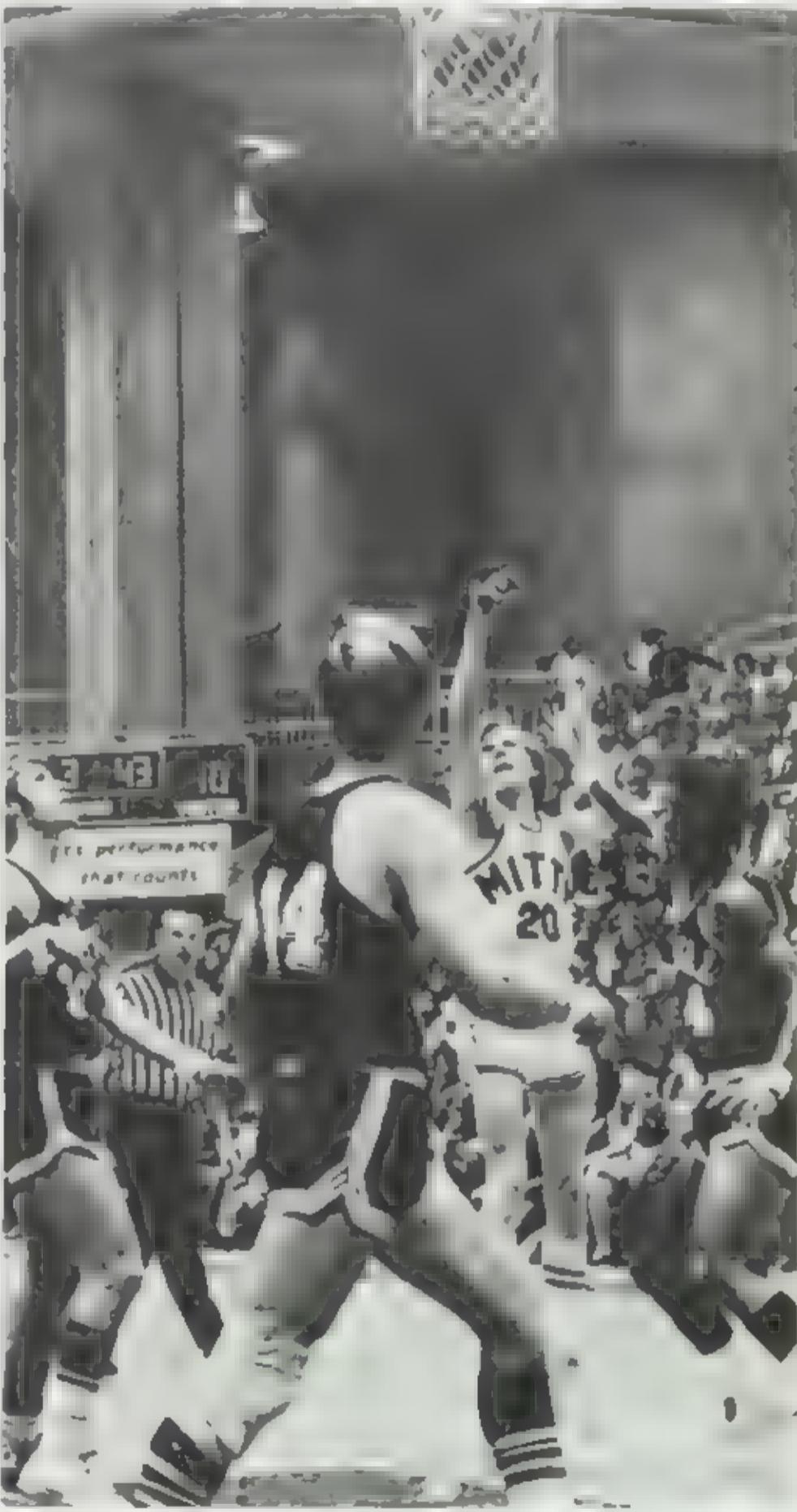
Robert  
Parlato





Region 1 representatives had never made the Finals and the Fremont Indians (26-1) figured to beat Mitty (25-4) in the semi-final. Rated first in the Central Coast Section all season, Fremont never knew what hit them as Mitty raced to a 20-4 first quarter lead. After that it was stumble and stagger with Mitty's superb defense compensating for a horrible night of sloppy basketball. Bright light of the night was Robbie Robertson's destruction of the vaunted Fremont guard Gary Hoffman (seven points) and the fortunate fact the Indians folded before an honest WCAL defense. Mitty had played poorly and still won.

The next night tall Alisal (6'5", 6'8", 6'10") took it to the Monarchs. Rick Hile, whose superb senior season had been the key to Mitty success, turned cold. Dave Pluto couldn't operate inside. Robbie and Sully kept the Monarchs close at the half. Big Dave went to the board in the second half but Alisal's Robert Higgins hit six clutch free throws (thank you referee Dick Ferguson) and the Monarchs' greatest season ended unhappily, 59-57. Mitty had five more field goals than Alisal, but 23 charity tosses to 11 Monarch attempts proved the decider. Pon's Raiders, Rookie Ray. Karl, Tim, Sully, Robbie, Dave, Tom, and Rick. Thanks for the memories.



Joe  
Pattin

Dave  
Petrucci

Marc  
Petta

Gary  
Piech

Steve  
Pirotta

Jerome P.  
Pluto

ARTHUR C. CLARK  
CHILDHOOD'S END





Paul  
Pooley



Mike  
Raney



Jim  
Regalado



Amos Houland  
Rendler



Marc  
Reynolds

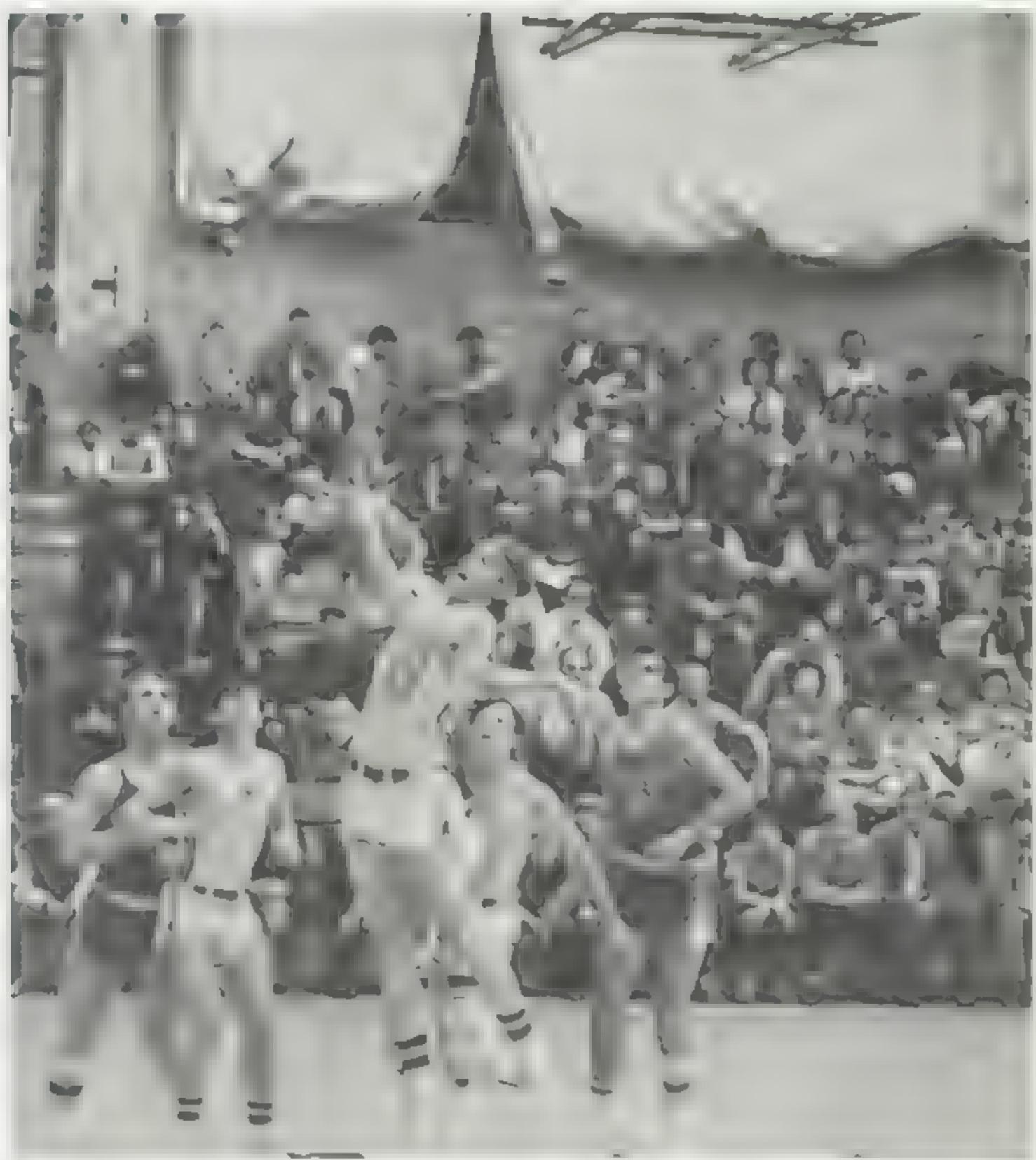


Mike  
Riley



ANDROMEDA





Mike  
Richtor

Greg  
Robertson

Joe  
Roy

John Q.  
Ryan

Andy  
Santiago

Mark  
Sanders



## MITTYS MOST CLASSIC MOMENT



Jerry Sabatino

Charles Sabatino

Mark Scheideler

Michael Sipiora

Robert Smith

Steve Soard





Jim Stapleton

Al Sturla

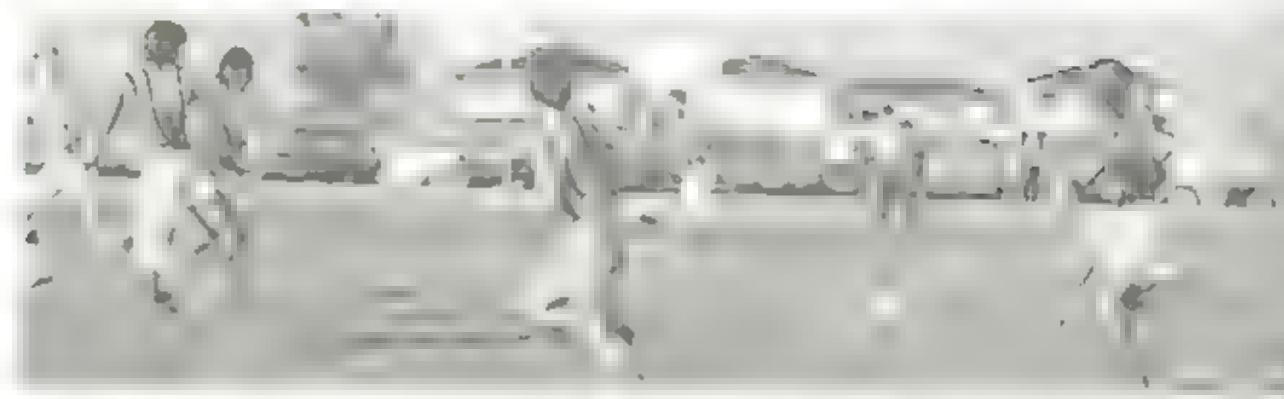
Steve Sulgit

Bruce Sullivan

James Sutherlin

Steve Taormino





Thomas Taylor

Clark Vellis

Jerome Venneman

Bernard Vogel

Gary Von Raesfeld Michael Vukel





Jim Ales

Mark Grenier

Bill Bartling

Tom Fleischli

Gene Mim Mack

Pat Higgins

Tom Brown



This season's Monarch Varsity Booters didn't have the record of the previous Central Coast Sectional Finalists, but broken bones, pulled muscles, and sprains took more of a toll than opponents' skill. The Monarchs tied the S. I. Wildcats before a record crowd at Kezar Stadium in the finest match of the year. But the cost was great as super Pat Higgins played the remainder of the season with a broken foot, gamely, but not well enough for the Monarchs to return the title to Mitty for a second season.

Tom Fleischli (Varsity Football, Soccer, and Golf) led the WCAL in goals (17) and was joined on the All-League first team by Gene Mim Mack and Pat Higgins. Second team all-league were inspirational Jeff Schwertly, Dan Stringari, and Mike Salerno.



Buchanas



Benton



Buck



Vernacchiau



Stringari





Thibault



Wittsten



Chaplik



Figel



Baggott



## FROSH AND JV SOCCER



Tony  
Vukelich



Bob  
Wadsworth



Pat  
Wallace



Mike  
Wallace



Mike  
Walters



Chris  
Waters





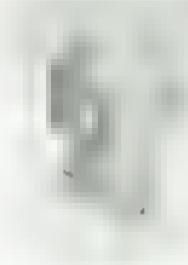
Dustin  
Weiland



Kevin  
Welch



Mark  
Wolny



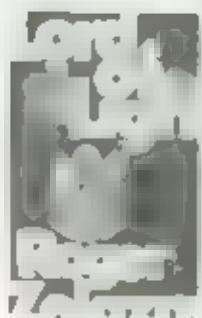
Chris  
Wynn



Alan  
Wyosnick



James  
Ales



## STUDENT GOVERNMENT



Steve  
Alley



Brian  
Anderson



Lave  
Anderson



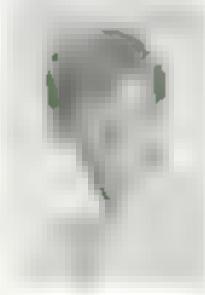
Jim  
Anderson



Tony  
Amenich



Dave  
Azevedo





Today more than 10,000 high schools have student governments, but the vast majority are "governments" in name only. Many are instituted to allow students to play games, many represent only elite groups within the school, many have only the power to advise, and hopefully to be listened to, many are "bucking" Administrations lacking the foresight to see we are entering an era that requires direct student participation in educational matters which directly affect them. And finally, many must contend with faculties who desire to maintain the "status quo."

As the school year comes to a close we see the legacy of past Mitty Student Governments, a government not instituted to play games, that represents the entire Student Body, has the power to advise AND to act, willing to change to meet the needs of the students and the Mitty Community.

-- Phil Sumner, Director of Student Activities



Chris  
Baggot



John  
Baggot



Pete  
Balbiani



Pete  
Barnes



Tom  
Barnes



John  
Bartletl



## PRO AND CON



### STUDENT GOVERNMENT

There is always the danger, when the head of a government turns introspective that he will gloss over the weaknesses of his administration. I will try to be as objective as possible in my appraisal of Student Government this year.

The Cabinet, which I set up after my election, proved to be the backbone of Student Government. It was here that the actual work was done in serving the needs of the students. All the planning, co-ordinating, in short, the Executive side of Student Government was done here. Everything from the daily announcements to the planning of rallies was accomplished in the Cabinet, by myself and the Chairmen I appointed.

When school began this year, Student Government was over \$700 in debt. By the middle of the second quarter, this debt was erased and the Student Body Treasury was placed at plus \$300. This was due largely to the first three dances of the year which were successfully organized by the Dance Committee.

With the combined effort of a hard-working staff and Activities Director Mr. Sumner, the newly formed Student Services Committee was very successful. It effectively took over responsibilities which the school had previously handled. Sophomore jackets, Junior rings, book sales and many other services were supervised by this committee.

Through the year, the Student Services Committee handled many thousands of dollars for the students.

The Spirit and Special Events Committee worked closely together in planning events at Mitty. The rally hosted by Crazy George, Career Day, the Christmas Assembly and Chaminade Day are but a few examples of the events which these two committees coordinated and executed.

The Student Senate this year was for the most part composed of Homeroom Presidents who were keenly interested in Student Government. Following the original initiative of the Faculty concerning a new form of government at Mitty, the Student Senate quickly acted to review and ratify the proposal. It then proceeded to redefine itself in relation to this new system of government even before the other sectors of the school had accepted the proposal. For the first time, members of the Student Senate this year were afforded the opportunity to act side by side with Faculty members in important policy making committees. In one case, the Supervision Committee, a Homeroom President was elected as Chairman.

Student Government did not function without problems this year. The worst of these was in the area of communicating internal events within the government to students. This was partly due to the shortness and infrequency of homeroom meetings.

Bill  
Buttling



Mike  
Bergkamp



Jeff  
Bergmann



Brad  
Bonnett



Craig  
Boston



Steve  
Brashears





Photo by Russ Hughes

Tom Chargin



Mike Christie



Mike Connelly



Tim Conway



Norman Costella



Chris Costella



# MODEL UN



Mr.  
Killian



Kevin  
Cougill



James  
Cronin



Dan  
Dalhauser



Stuart  
Daley



Mike  
Denham



Dan  
Dias





Mike  
Di Marco



Alfred  
Di Pietro



Robert  
Dixon



Henley  
Douglas



Wayne  
Dubois



Chris  
Larist



Mr.  
Leachley



# OPEN CAMPUS



Craig  
Esposito



Steve  
Fanelli



Mike  
Federico



Keith  
Feifarek



Mark  
Ferrari



Art  
Ferraro





John  
Fisher



Bill  
Gard



Jim  
Gilmore



John  
Gilmore



Da  
Gulin



## MORE OPEN CAMPUS



Mr.  
McCarthy



Robert  
Goda



John  
Gonsalves



Pat  
Goodpasture



Glen  
Gorden



Daniel R.  
Green



Steve  
Grant





Art  
de Vince Greco



Dale  
Gregevsen



Mark  
Grenier



Mike  
Griggs



Joe  
Guerinot



Mr.  
Chochi



## MORE MITTY PEOPLE



Mr.  
Hielman

Mike  
Haller

Craig  
Hole

Paul  
Hathaway

Tom  
Henningsen

Steve  
Herrera

Bobby  
Hershberger





Matt  
Hill



Dave  
Holmes



Russ  
Hughes



Tony  
Jorns



Gary  
Jansen



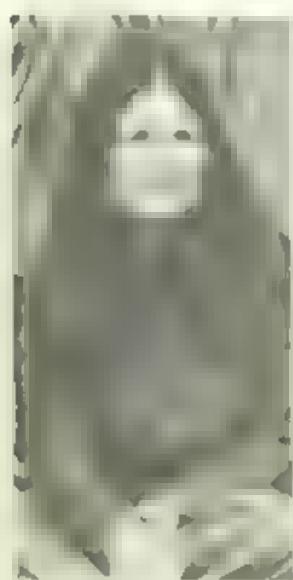
Jimmy  
Johnson



Mr.  
Laton



## MITTY PEOPLE



Mr.  
O'Connell



John  
Kane



Tom  
Kent



Pat  
Lamb



Greg  
Kurtz



Lewis  
Laptalo





John  
Larame

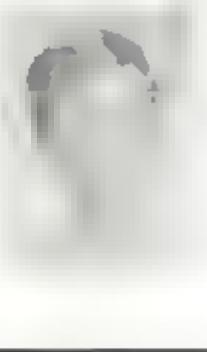
Mark  
Lazzarini

Mark  
Leet

Richard  
Little

Tom  
Littman

Mr.  
Sumner



## BASEBALL PRACTICE



Mr.  
Pardo



Chris  
Loafman



Kevin  
Jeworski



Louis  
Manfredi



Nike  
Lyden



Pat  
Lydon





Dirk  
Maasen



Andy  
Mancuso



Thad  
Marten



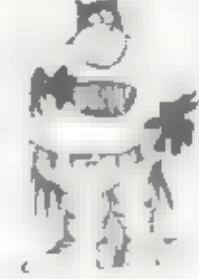
Paul  
Martin



Fran  
Masciocchi



Mr  
Fenton





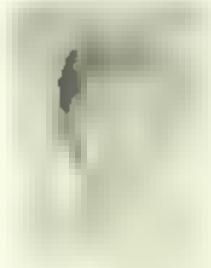
Mr.  
Bunda



Steve  
Mason



Sean  
McBratney



Mike  
McIntyre



Sean  
McManus



Charles  
Mercer





Dave  
Michetti



Stephen  
Millet



John  
Mix



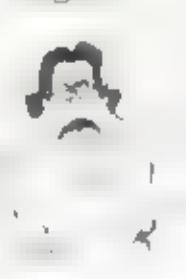
Brian  
Mohr



Dave  
Moulton



Bro.  
Digneo





B.S. John  
Wisecaver



Karl  
Morin



Joe  
Murabito



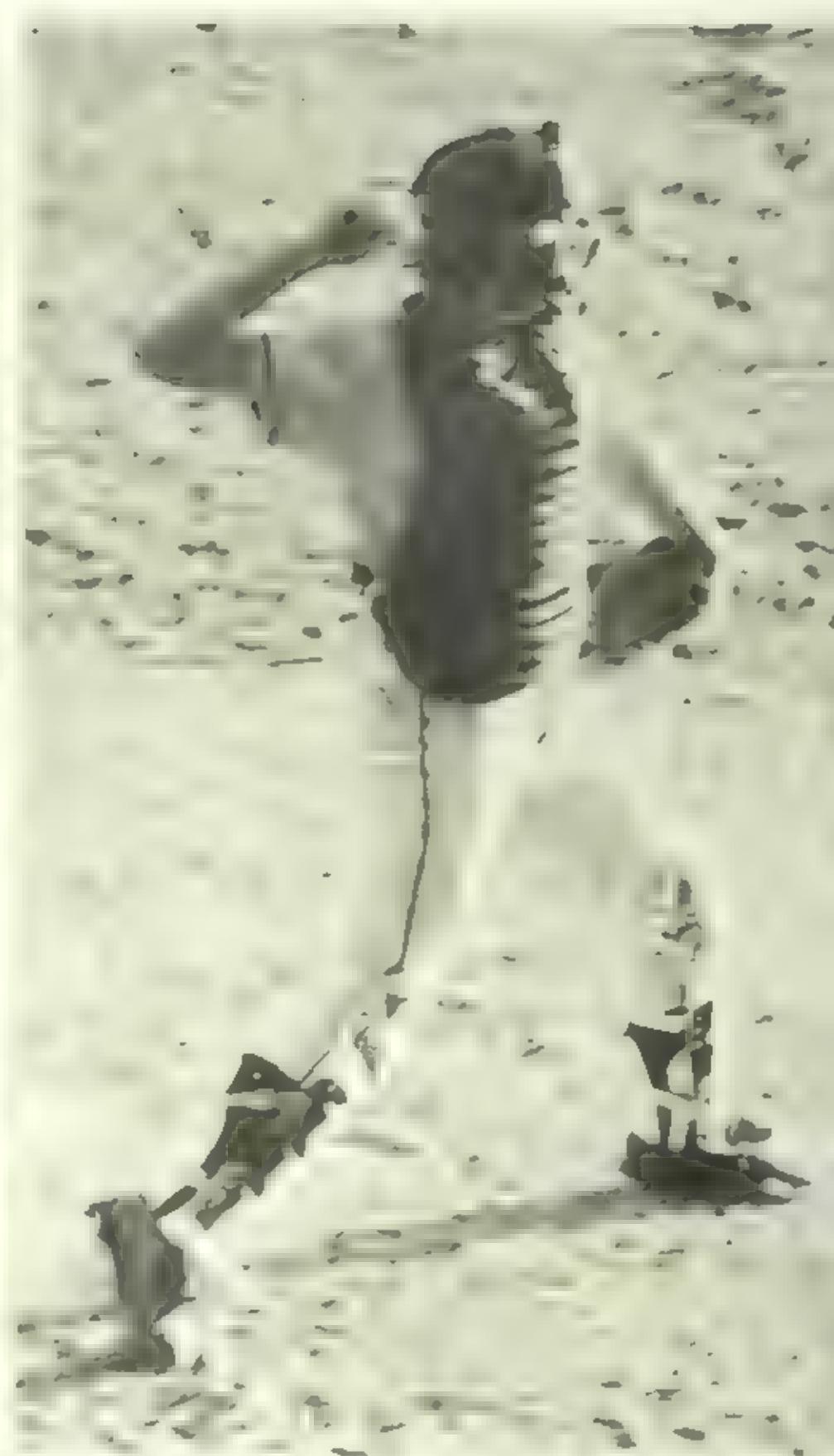
Mike  
Murphy



Mike  
Murray



Richard  
Nederostek





Bill  
O'Brian



Mike  
O'Grady



Brian  
O'Halloran



Sean  
O'Shea



Se  
O'Vison



## JV & FROSH BASEBALL



Mr.  
Bridger



Ken  
Paramo



Mike  
Pena



Steve  
Peters



Bill  
Piech



Tim  
Potter





Randy Radjkovich



Dave Ramirez



Joe Rossi



Joe Ricci



Greg Sanford



Bru Fien



## TRACK PRACTICE



Mur  
Pearsall



John  
Sanchez



Joe  
Sanchez



Richard  
Schwartz

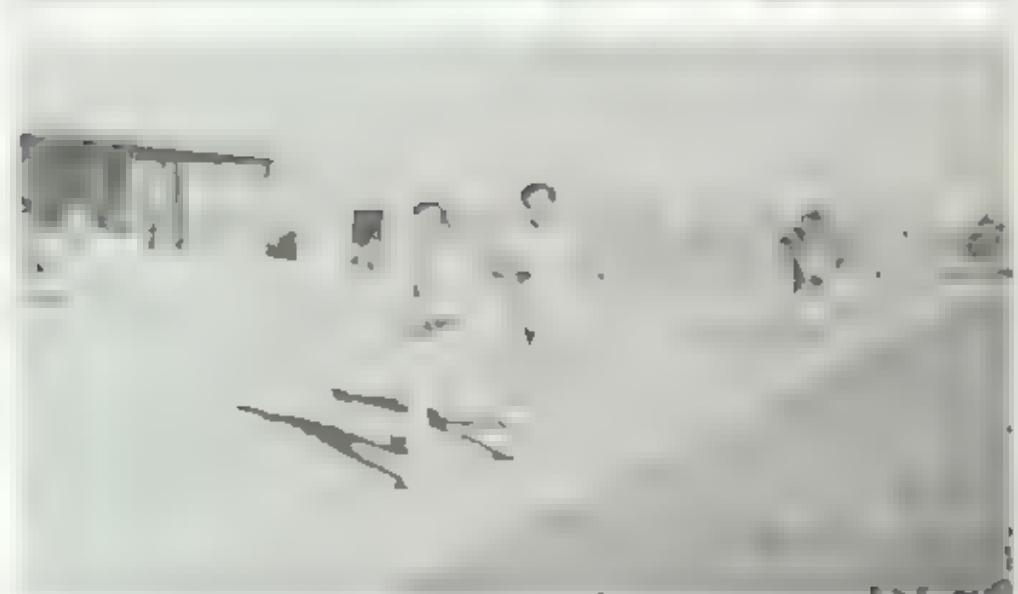


Pat  
Scudero



Bill  
Snarbroug





Brian F.  
Sheredy

John  
Sobieralski



Jack  
Squires



Keita  
Stephenson



Lili  
Stewart



Mike  
Fulton



## THE MEETS



Mr.  
Ross



Randy  
Strawn



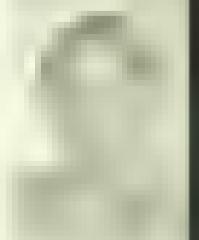
Pit  
Tanner



James  
Hartard



Steve  
Thacker





Larry Thibault



Larry Todd



Vince Loomey



Dave Trites



Tom Lowers



Mr. Joe





Mr.  
Stanton



Bruce  
Trapini



Ken  
Vares



Fred  
Vernicchia



Steve  
Welch



Joe  
Wettstein





Muse  
Wendeler

Jim E.  
Wright

Joe  
Zappala

Gary  
Quibelan

Mr.  
Dempsey





Christopher Allen



Robert Andrews



Gary Arnold



Edward Atlas



Steven Baggese



Michael Balanesi



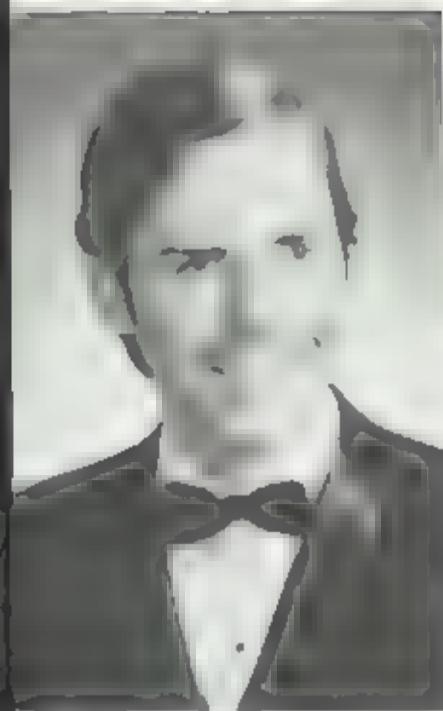
Michael Balbiani



John Barros



SENIORS



Christopher Baranese



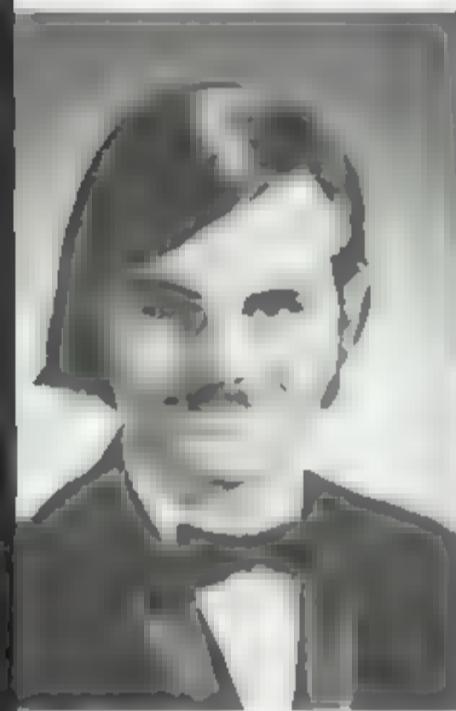
William Battaglia



Michael Belair



John Biasotti



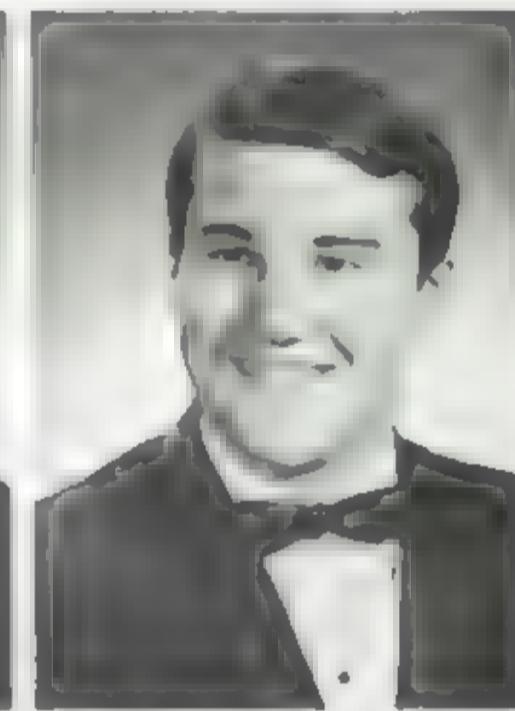
Ted Biskupski



David Blackford



David Blaum



Anthony Bozzini





Richard Brackett



David Brown



James Cambra



Rocco Caringello



Gregory Catania



Joseph Climino

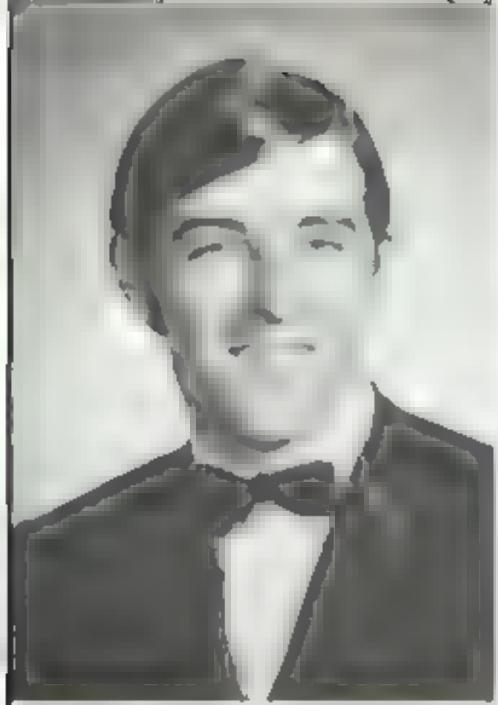


Richard Clarke

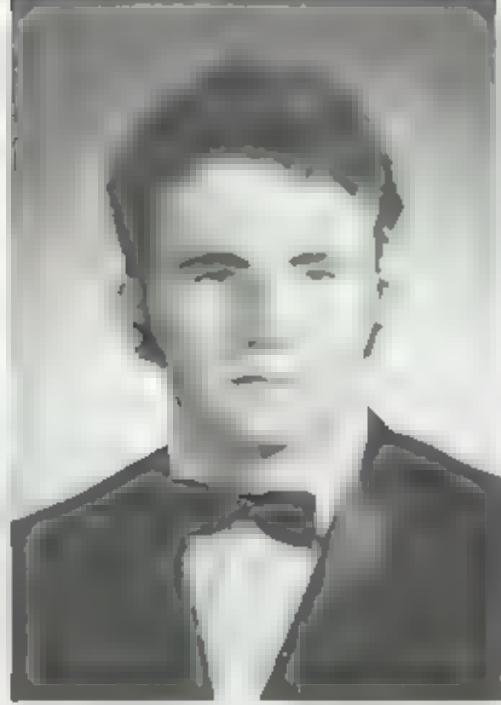


Charles Clupney





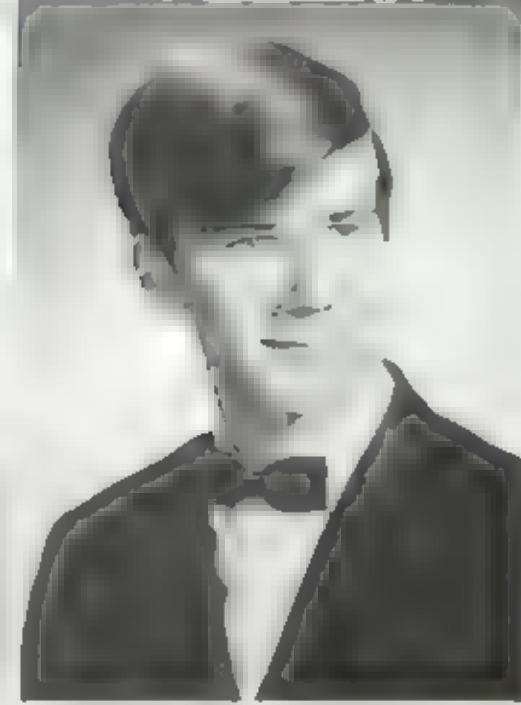
Thomas Connolly



Thomas Connors



Joseph Conte



Michael Cullen



John Coupens



Mark Daley



William Deckman



Richard Defrancisci





Dana Delmas



Thomas Dippel



Philip Dixon



James Doeltz



John Duggan



Michael Dullea



William Dullea



Robert Echeverria





Carl Epolite



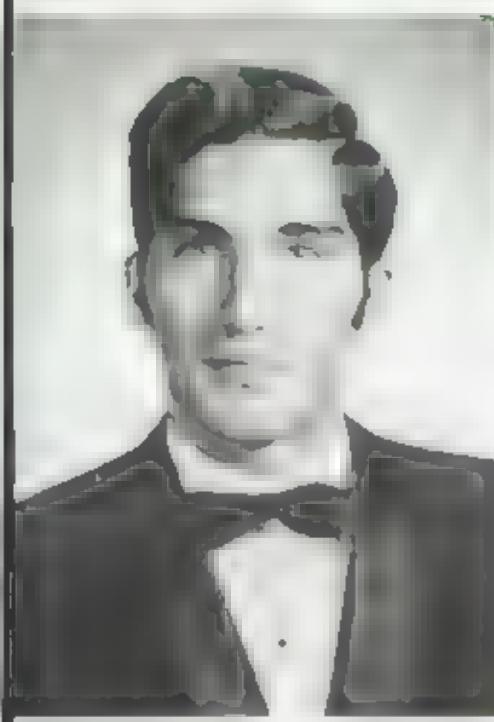
Kevin Field



Mark Fine



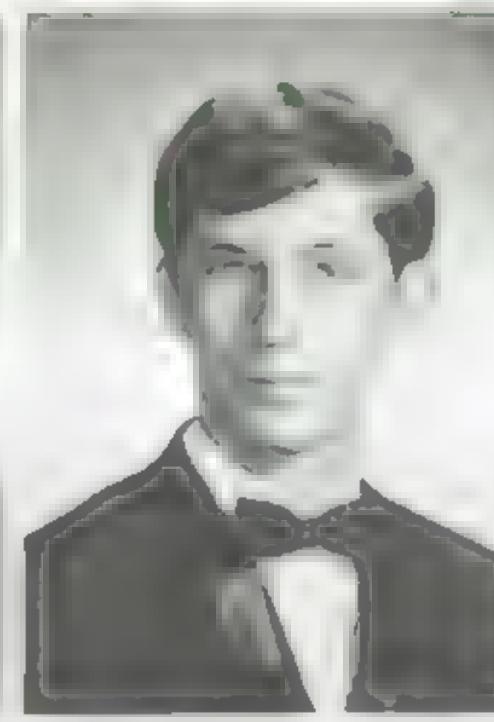
Dale Finochio



Alfred Firato



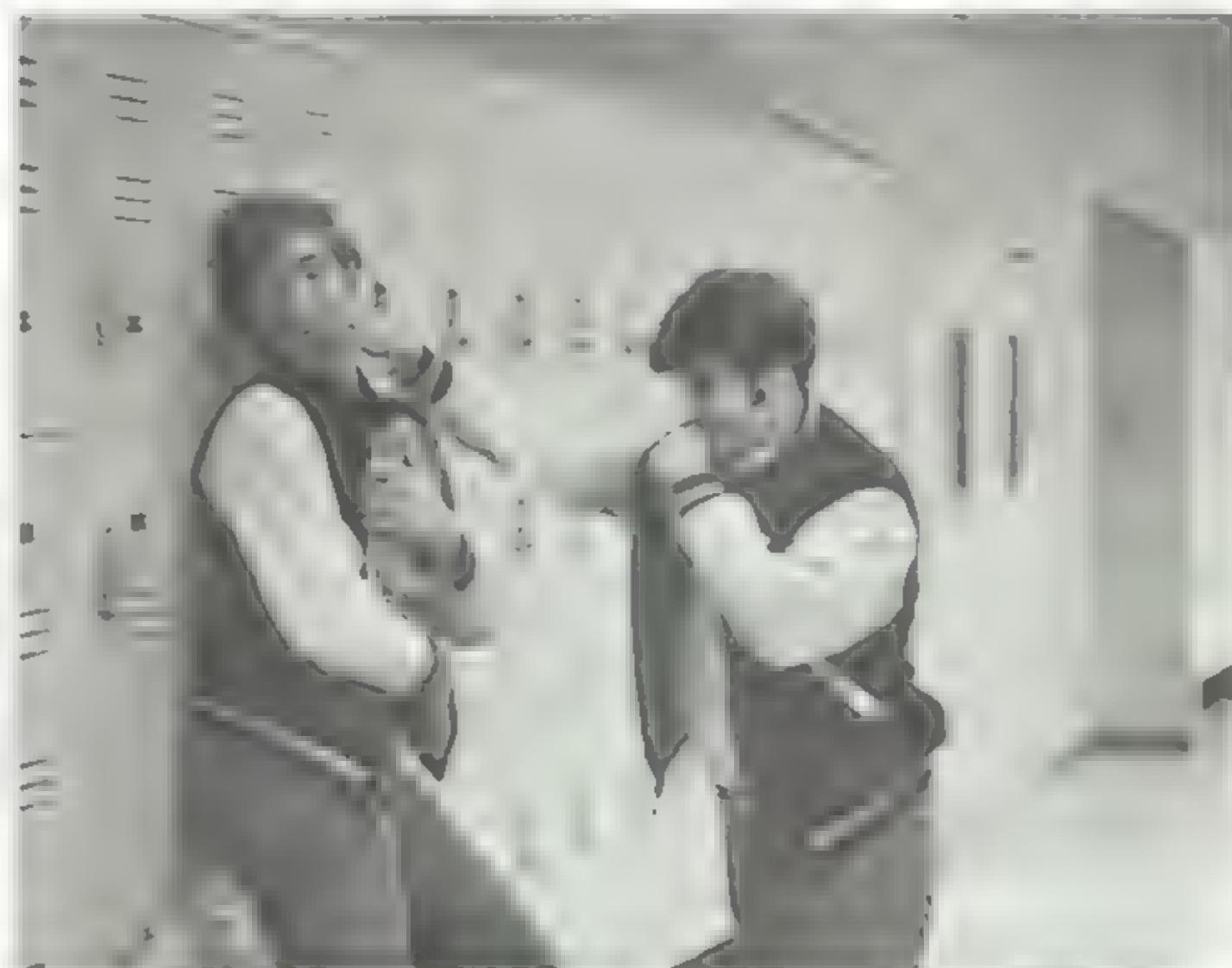
Thomas Fleischli



Steven Fonatana



Mark French





James Gallegos



Paul Gorden



Patrick Grant



Thomas Gray



Edward Halteman



Michael Haniger



William Harn



Timothy Hart





Paul Harvey



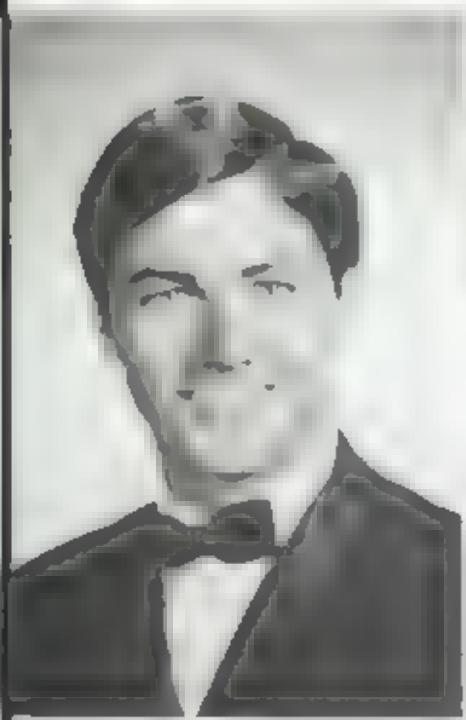
George Haskin



Lawrence Hevia



Patrick Higgins



Richard Hile



Barry Hitchcock



Michael Horton



Robert Howseman





John Humes



Michael Hassinger



John Jamis



Dennis Jamison



Eric Johnson



Harvey Jordan



Paul Klunder



Lawrence La Mantia





Robert Lawrence

David Lazzarini

John Littman

Michael Long



Anthony Lupina

Michael Mackey

David Malloy

William Massung





Massucco, Joseph



McGuire, Kevin



McKenzie, Allan



McKenae, Timothy



McMamis, Scott



Mendoza, Mitchell



Metsera, Ronald



Meyer, William





Donald Miller

Mark Miller

Eugene Mimmack

Donald Miner



Joseph Montemagno

George Mosher

Richard Marks

Dennis Navarra

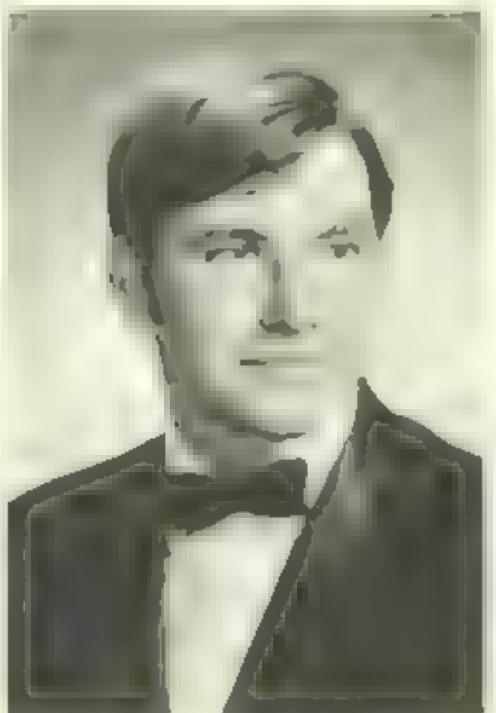




Eric Nelson



John Newman



John Nickel



David Occhipinti



Jeffrey Organ



Patrick Owen

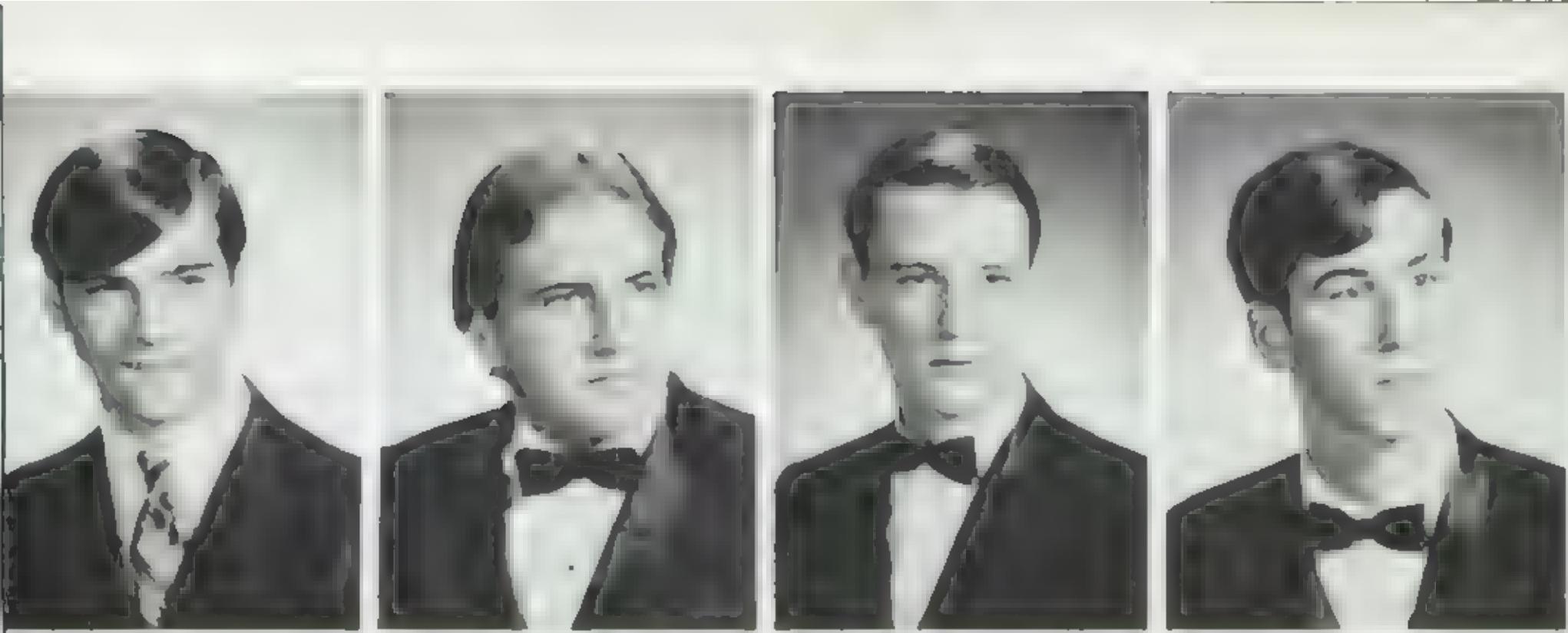


Anthony Palome



William Patterson



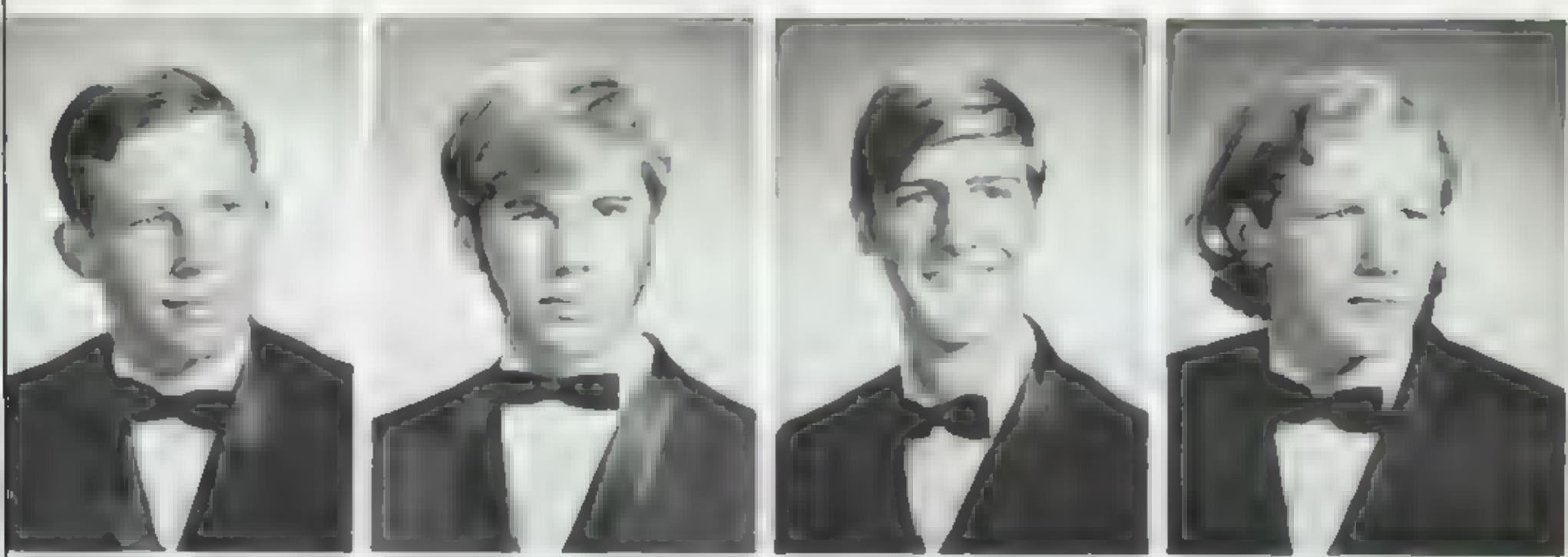


Stephen Pfeifer

Marc Picolini

David Pluto

John Pon



William Pooley

Michael Putz

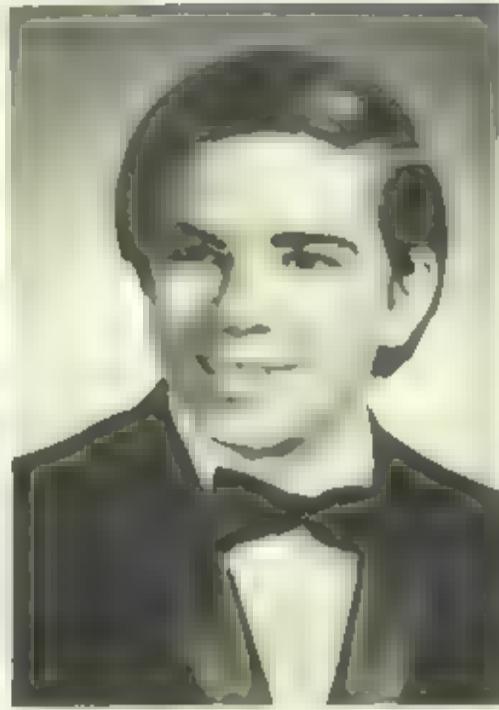
Allan Redmond

Henry Rendler





Richard Rizio



John Rodrigues



Randall Rose



Jack Sanguinetti



Michael Salerno



Jeffrey Schwertley

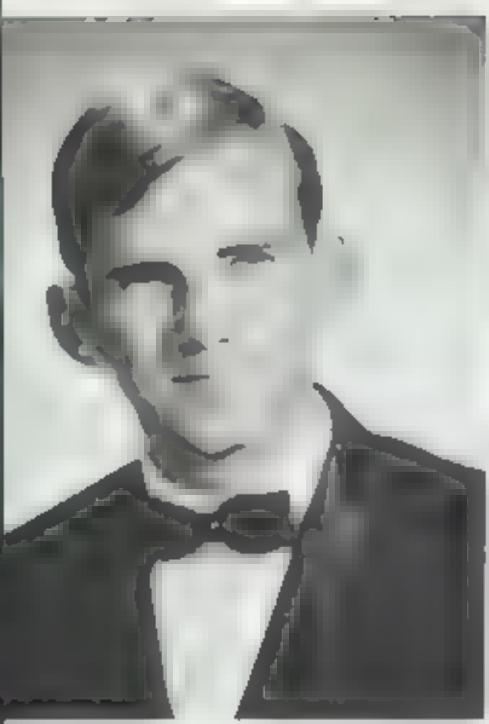


Randy Sheleman



Mark Sheredy





Francis Simon



Glen Smith



Theodore Sobierski



Edward Strauss



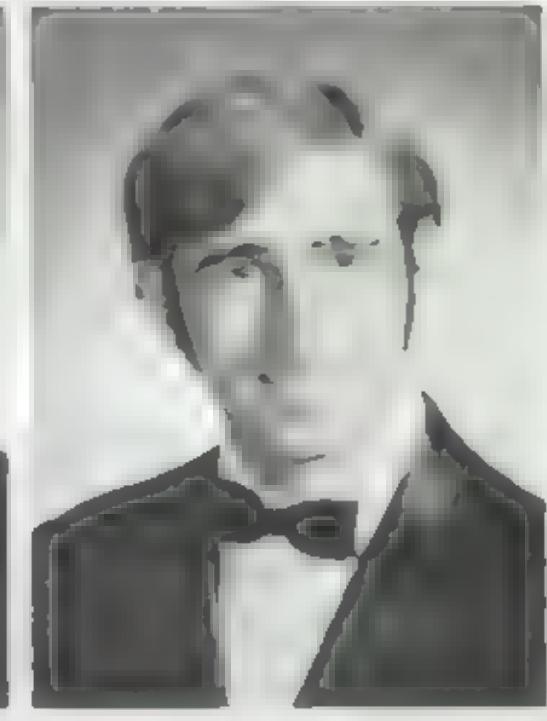
Daniel Sullivan



William Susha



Martin Sweeney



John Taormino





Terry Temes



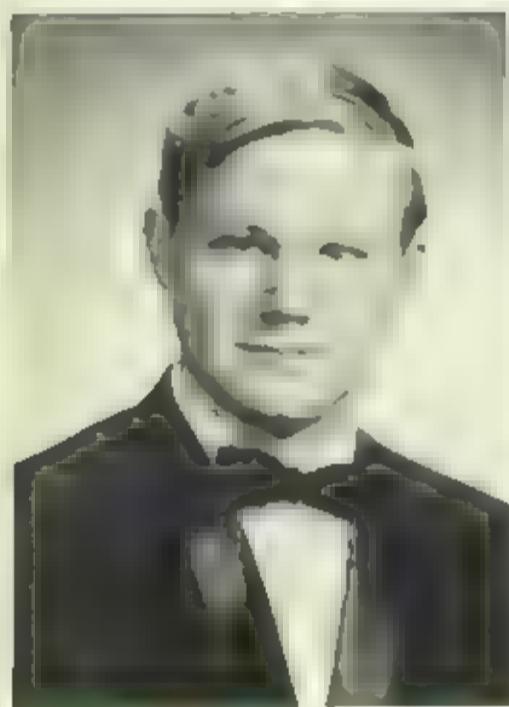
Mark Thoman



Todd Tomlitz



Clifford Thompson



John Unland



Vallope Veeravuthipol



Vernon Von Raesfeld



Timothy Walsh





Thomas Wanschura



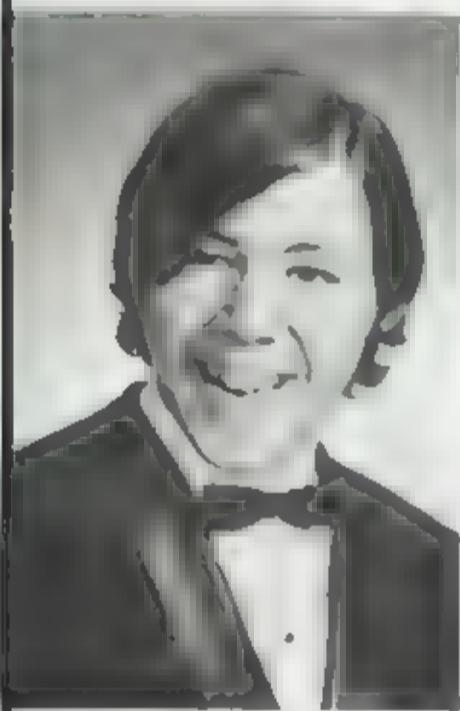
Jeffrey Wehner



Michael Welch



William Wells



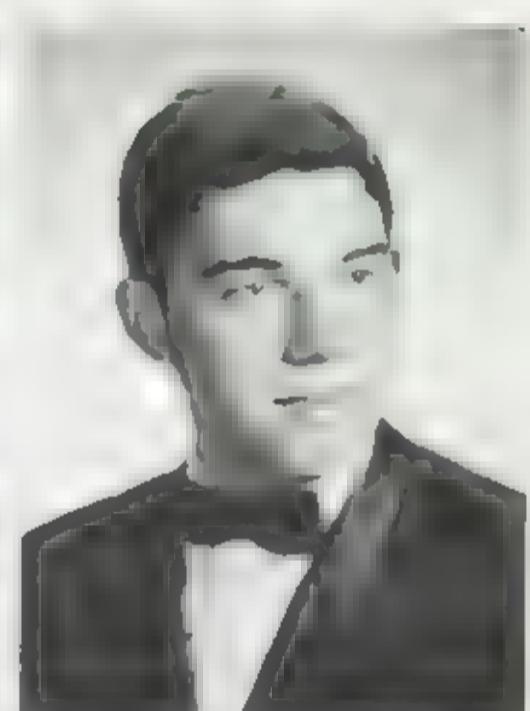
Bill Williams



Charters Wynn



Roland Yarbrough



Donald Zoccoli

## TELEPHONE



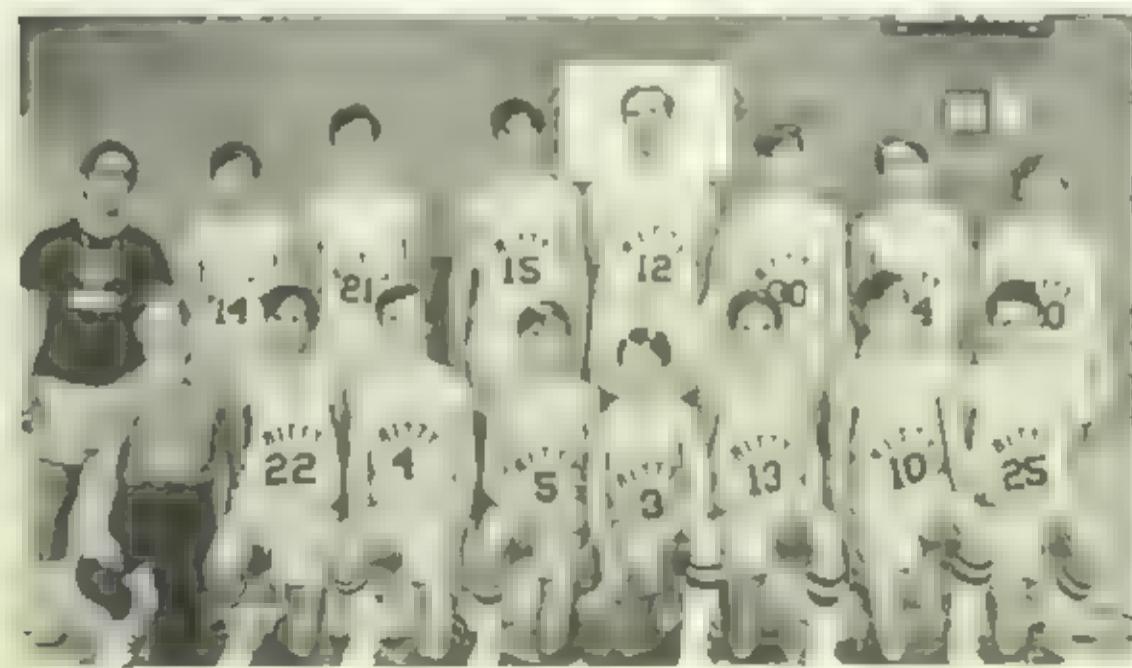
## ORGANIZATIONS

One of the most pleasant new traditions at Mitty are the always laughing song girls lead by Patrice O'Connell. Staring during Football season they performed throughout basketball season. Spirit Chairman Tony Bozini coordinated the election and development of the group which included Karen O'Connell, Linda Soto, Carol Ingebratsen, Theresa Struss, Debbie Burns, and Diane Smith.

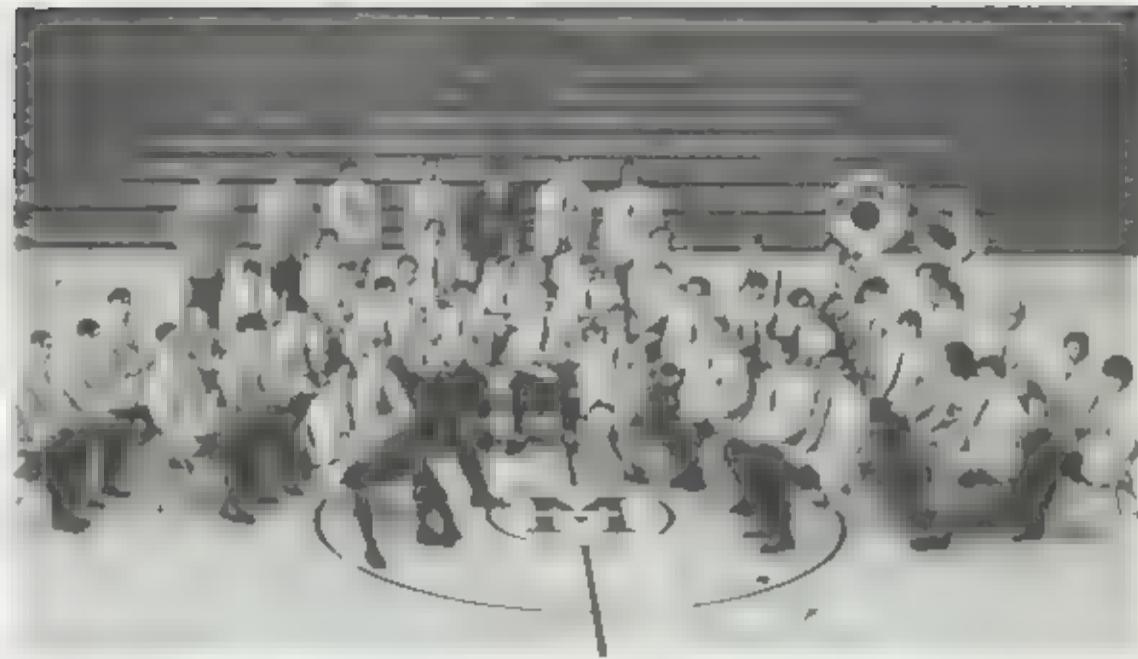


Here, imaginatively lined up before the illustrious front entrance of Mitty High School, protecting any further possibility of theft, the noble senators of our illustrious republic. These are the students whose responsibility was the representation and legislation of student body needs. They ate lunch together several times a week and gave student body President Dennis Navarra something to think about.

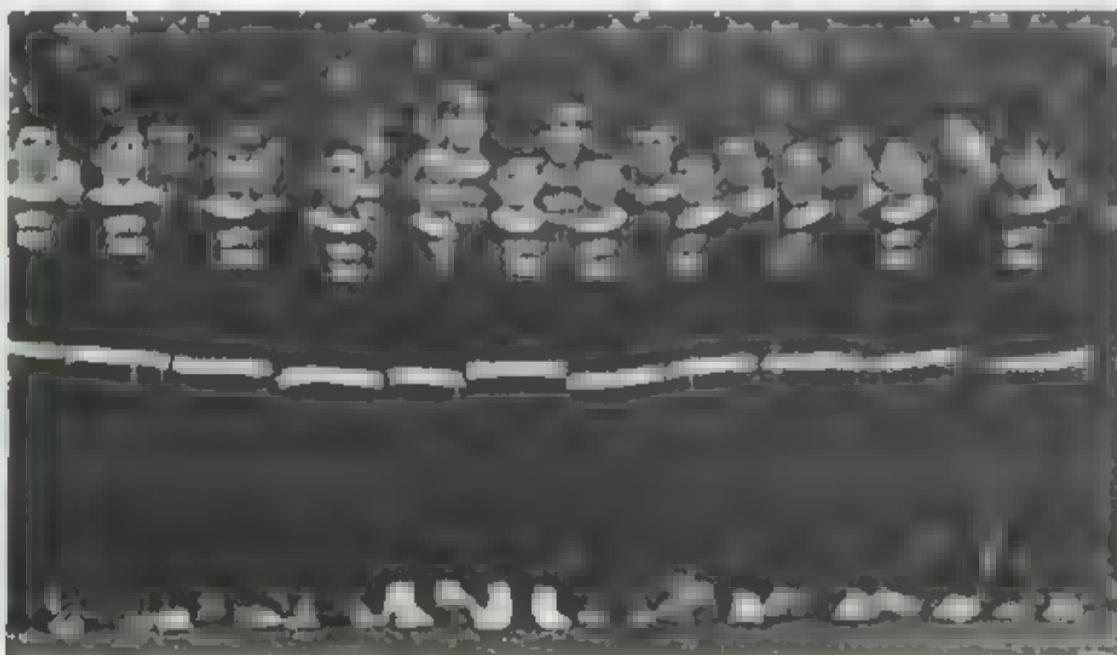
You've heard of Duffy Daugherty, Ara Parseghian, and Pete Petrinovich? That's right, old double-hip, under-the-jersey, reverse reverse, statue Petrinovich -- who needs to worry about won-loss record -- came to Mitty with a pretty mediocre bunch of freshmen footballers, brought them from grammar school flag flingers to a fairly game, hard-hitting crew. "Willing to play" they were kind of frosh who "never quit" and, according to their young, well-liked coach, had their greatest game against Sacred Heart, 25-0. Coach Pete labelled Pat Haniger his most consistent performer, also citing Ferrara, Castagani, Owens, Laine, Malinski, and Blair. High scorer was Swartz with six touchdowns.



The Concert Band is one of these large aggregations of sixty people where the director probably has to spend half his time standing like a traffic cop. But they put it together well enough to get to a tour of Southern California. Practicing three days a week, Mr. Oddo's beautiful people were certainly the best Concert Band Mitty has had to date. Great at the Football Games, the Portugues parade, they even marched for George Murphy. The musicianship of this group is a good indicator of great things in the future.



The Frosh A basketball team started well under Coach Peterson as they picked up ten wins against one defeat in pre-league, but then came a cropper as they fell before other WCAL frosh units. Coach Peterson identified his number two scorer, Jim Blamey as his most consistent performer, took special note of the play of number one scorer, Terry Vane, reed-thin Sean O'Kane and quick, young Mark Messier. Basketball at Mitty is definitely looking up because of the excellent coaching and continued commitment seen at the Frosh level.



The cross country program has come many miles under Coach Bob Buoncristiani. Many many many miles. Hills. Creeks. Miles. Most surprising newcomer was Chris Griggs. Mike Haniger, essentially a middle distance runner, was superb again as a senior.



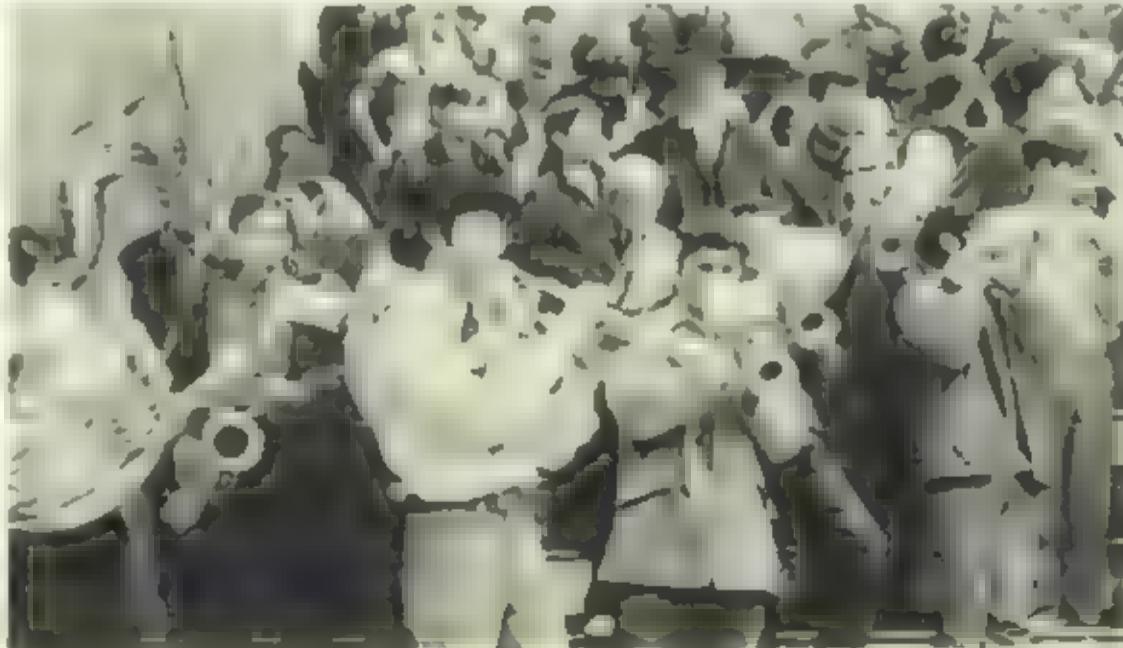
English TA's were student teachers. This kind of things has never been done before, especially with such success. Working under the direction of Mr. Michael Slack, a graduate Ph. D. candidate at Stanford, these seniors (and some outstanding juniors) worked with the new freshmen program, studying film, media types, grammar, short stories, and composition

The Monarch Varsity Soccer Team had a difficult task defending the WCAL title won the previous year. Starting slow, then dogged by injuries in the first round of play, the Monarchs were anchored by one of the finest players in the state, Pat Higgins. Higgins set a league record of four goals one match, only to have it broken the next match by a fellow senior, Tom Fleischli, five against Sacred Heart. For awhile a freshman was starting, but to everyone's surprise, sophomore Mike Benton came on rapidly to complement the forward play of Gene Mim Mack. In '71-'72 Dave Chaplik's booters are in for a rough go as fine defensive players like Dan Stringari, Chris Baggott, and Jeff Schwertly are lost to graduation.

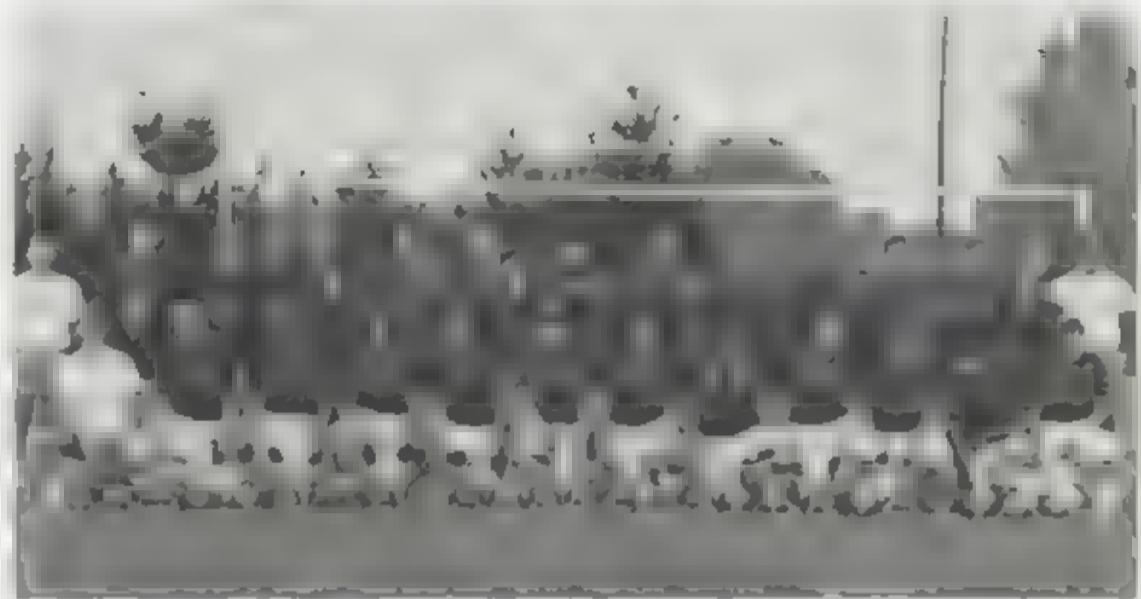


The Senate does the talking, but the Executive Board provides the leadership to get the job done. Outstanding certainly was Tony Bozini, Spirit Chairman. Led by S. B. President Navarra, this crew did the things some schools put faculty in charge of.

The Pep Band, lead by Russ Hughes and Art Greco, consisted of ten to fifteen people (depending on the weather) most of whom were also in the stage band. They played at all basketball games and some rallies. When the song girls needed late practices, they were always ready to oblige (who could refuse) practicing before games, whenever, whatever. Dave Azevedo played drums some. Kolegraff pumped the Sousaphone. Mr. Oddo helped keep it all together. The band leans to brass though occasionally one could lean down close and hear a tootie from Brad Chames, piccolo and flute.

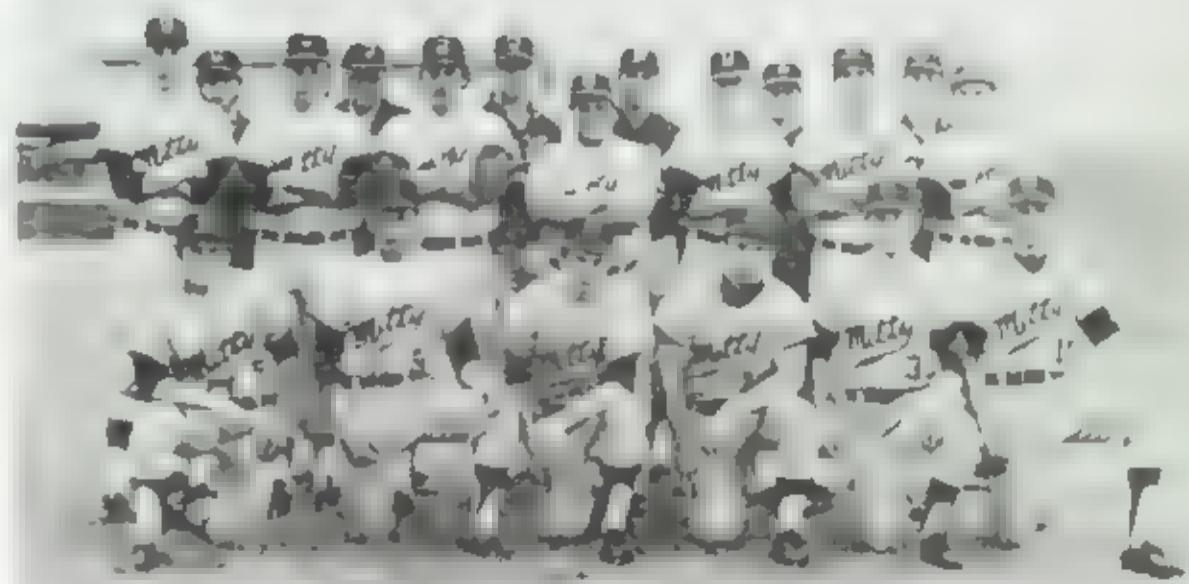


We cares about baseball? Mitty cares. Passionately. From the gophers to the seagulls to Peter dodging foul balls Mitty baseball has a ready audience. The Monarchs have always had good pitching. This year's mound corps was led by Gene Little who gave up no earned runs in his first five starts. Catcher Tony Lupina was certainly Mitty's finest receiver ever. And not bad with a bat either. Coach Bill Sinnott relied on the power hitting of Fred DiPietro and the speed of Ed Struss and Rick Hile. Bob Eccheveria had timely clouts and the smooth swing of Tom Henningsen suggests the Monarchs may enjoy good hitting to complement their pitching for some seasons to come.



Some people play basketball in the Winter, and only the Winter. They don't play for Mitty. The Monarch varsity gets a furlough at the end of every WCAI season, two weeks so the coach can catch his breath. Then they're off and running, working hard, learning. Mitty basketball was superb again this year because of 45 summer league games and all those hours of practice. It took Riordan 19 years in the league before they took the title. Bellarmine never has won it all in basketball. The Monarchs took the title because they earned it. They lost in the CIF Finals because they didn't play well enough that night to win. Returning from a solid 26-5 season, Karl Morin, Matt Green, Ray Townsend, Chris Loafman, and Rick and Chris Costella will have their work cut out for them.

In nine the previous year, The Monarchs under Head Coach Ron Demonner and assistants Jim Williams and Jerry Regan fashioned a 7-3 ledger. Finest performance of the season was probably the victory over St. Ignatius to spoil the Wilcats' Homecoming and put the Monarchs in the championship battle. Junior Pat Kohlman and the Mitty All-League contingent garnering Player of the Year Honors. Leaders from Mitty's finest senior class to date were Ed Struss, Joe Conte, Wild Bill Battaglia, Tom Fischli, Tom Nickel, Bangin Bill Patterson, and Cimino the Splendid Splinter. Losing Gary Mold, Mark Fine, Tom Vozini, and Rhino Scholini makes the '71 season look like a building year. Tell that one to Randy Strawn. Even duck.





For some people, the JV team is where it all stops. Little league sensation, Senior League teammate, JV . . . you got your growth early, developed the skills, had some great moments and enjoyed playing for Mitty, being a part of something special. For others, JV is where everything starts to tell; your sense of timing, your strength, your recognition of the importance of an all-out effort, your appreciation of your role as a player. You have a future.

There were some fine teams at the Junior Varsity level this year, and some fine players: Brandeis, Kolegraff, Riley, Martignetti, Brady, Pena, and Long to name but a few. Mitty's JV basketball teams had never won a league game in the history of the school, till 1971 when they won a bundle. On the other hand, the JV football team only got one win all season. Things were so bad at one point the quarterback decided to go duck-hunting instead. Win a bundle, lose a bundle.

What's it like to be a JV? If you played for Coaches Granados or Townsend this year you won more than you lost. Decidedly more, and learning to win is a lot nicer than learning to lose.





A PARTISAN REPORT FROM SOMEONE WHO HAD MATH OR RATHER WAS TAUGHT BY MATH WHEN HE WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL AND THEREFORE OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER

There are those who would say Mitty's Math Program has everything as backwards as the photograph of the Math teachers and their teaching assistants pictured above.

Controversy surrounded the program from the first, some vocal, some as silent and disconnected as some of the less successful students. Major modifications in the program came soon in the year. Too soon for some and not soon enough for others. How much credit will I get? My TA doesn't understand me! People questioned, exclaimed . . . just how much algebra does a musician need anyway? How much math is really needed for the man who clearly has no career ahead in math or science? How clear is clear? Is algebra the necessary first step in mathematics education? Many times the presuppositions about what is college prep work and what is not fail to take into account the vast varieties of higher education. Could Algebra I and II, Geometry, and Trig be salacious old whores every young man gets sent to as part of some bizarre Twentieth Century American puberty rite for the middle class? What jesuitical device lurks in the crannies of that old lockstep? Was this a needless experiment for seventy percent of the students? What is (was?) the Math Program?

Let me continue by saying something simple we can all agree upon: two plus two equals four. Right? Sometimes.

As I understand it, the Math Program realized the old educational saw "Each student will proceed according to his own pace" which is exactly what happened -- some guys did well, moving swiftly,

others did a little, slowly. You don't move on to the next level until you succeed at the current one which is a very sound approach to mathematics pedagogy. Having spent my high school career befogged by Algebra instructors telling me I wasn't working hard enough and then sprinting on to the next chapter while I foundered in the vacuum of their lesson plan propwash, I am convinced the Math Program has the right approach. I see some students way into a second year's work and the second semester is barely under way -- that I submit is super. Super. But what about us DUMBKOFERS who don't get cranapples from cranberries and apples? Well, you let me flounder around long enough till your sure I'm not just lazy. Then you help me by doing a variety of things and one of them is getting the bright guys to lend a hand. Students do learn from one another in every kind of thing from basketball to chess, from music to mathematics. There is no question the Math Program (like most Mitty programs) calls for a mature, determined effort from every student, TA, and teacher. As the year went on the Math Program matured greatly -- some students matured and found out clearly they were or were not mathematicians, they learned from one another, and they didn't get swallowed up in some surrealistic mathematical gyre.

Hooray for Dan Eaton, Ralph Pardo, and Bros. Rolly Bunda and Jerry Gor! Hooray for you Math TAs! Chalk one up for Goodness, Beauty, and Truth.

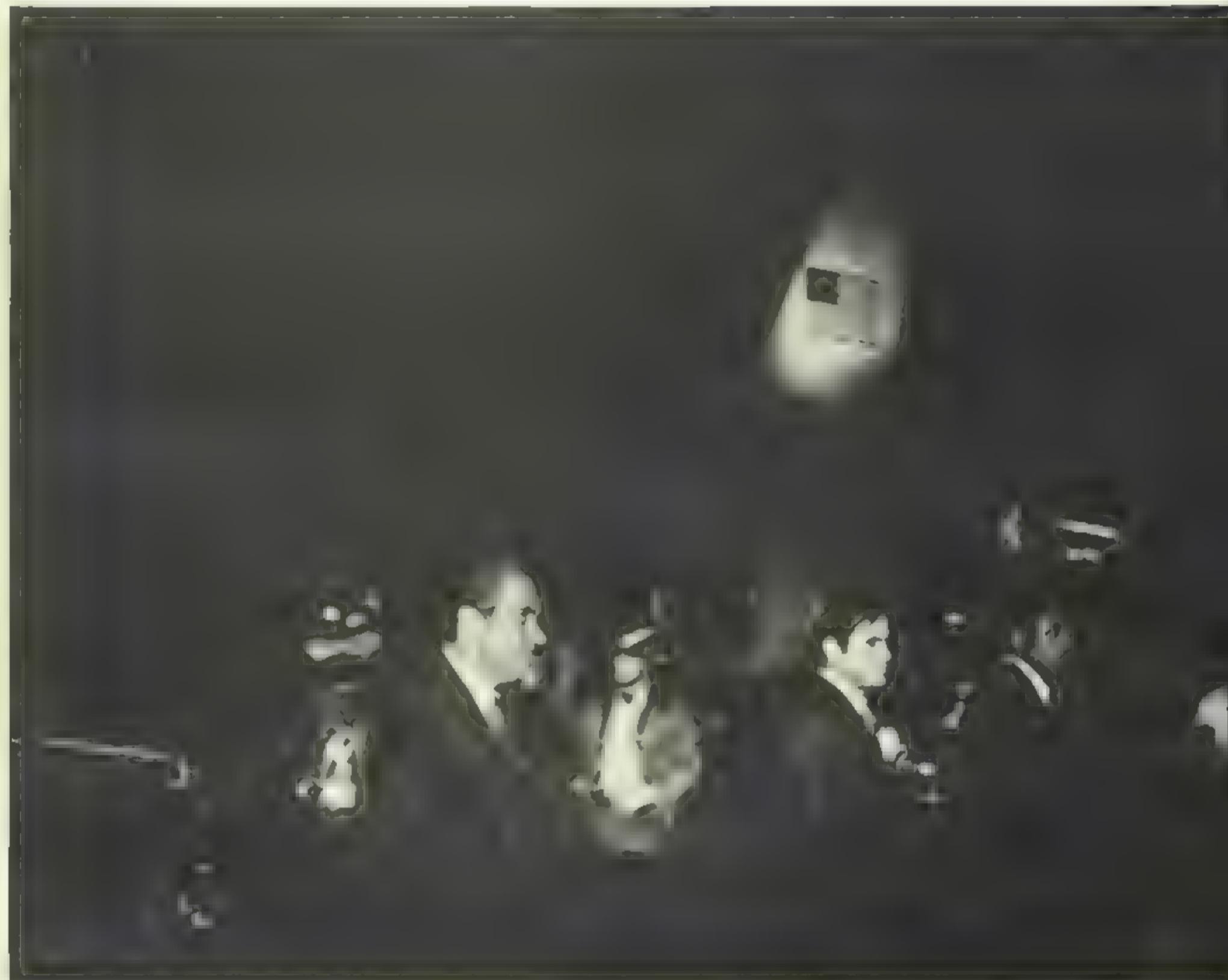
-- Kevin McCarthy  
Excalibur Faculty Advisor  
Ex Math Midget

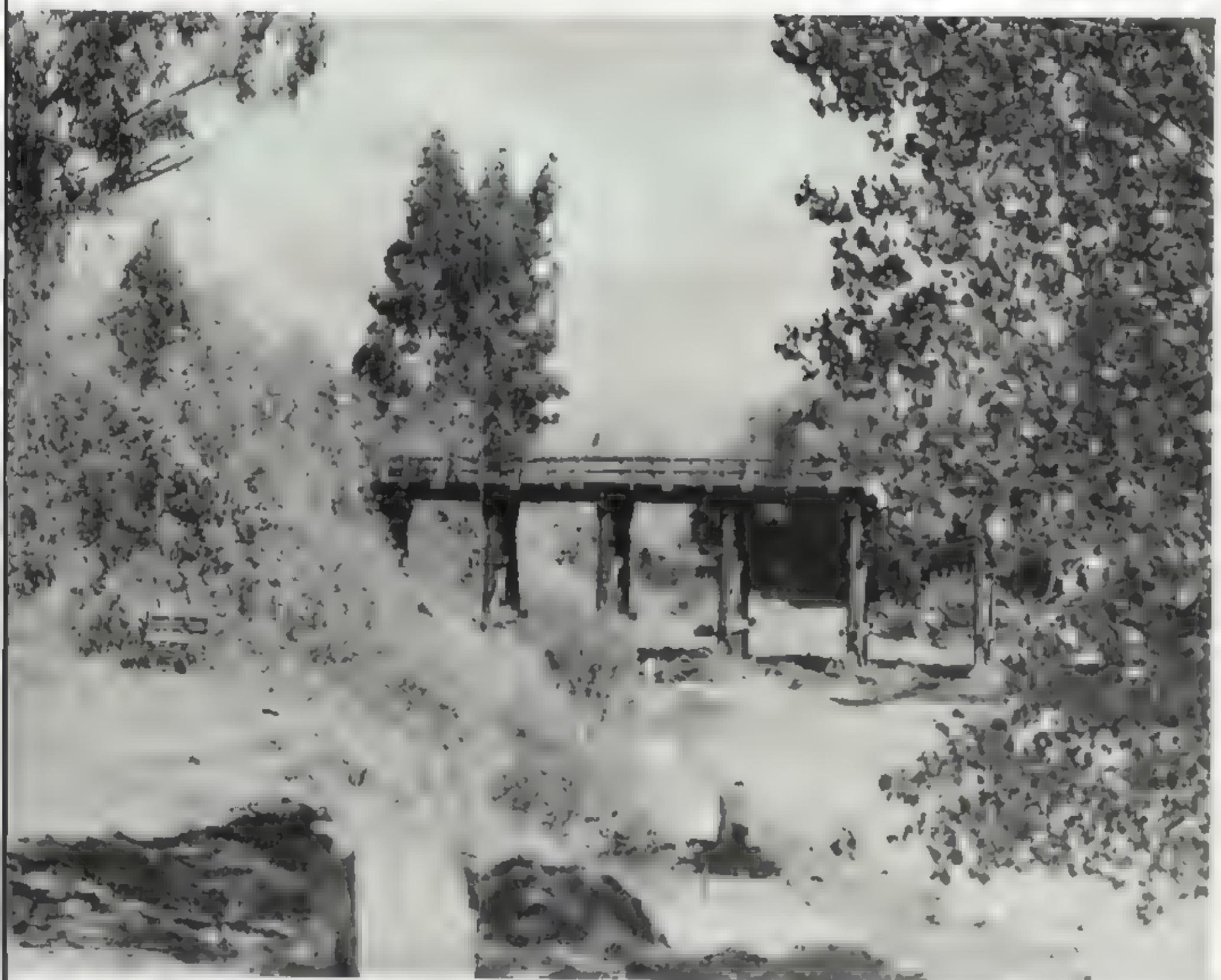
# MITTY PEOPLE





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Photographer of the Year: Tom Chargin



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**Copy Editor:** John Waters

**Photography editors:** Tom Chargin  
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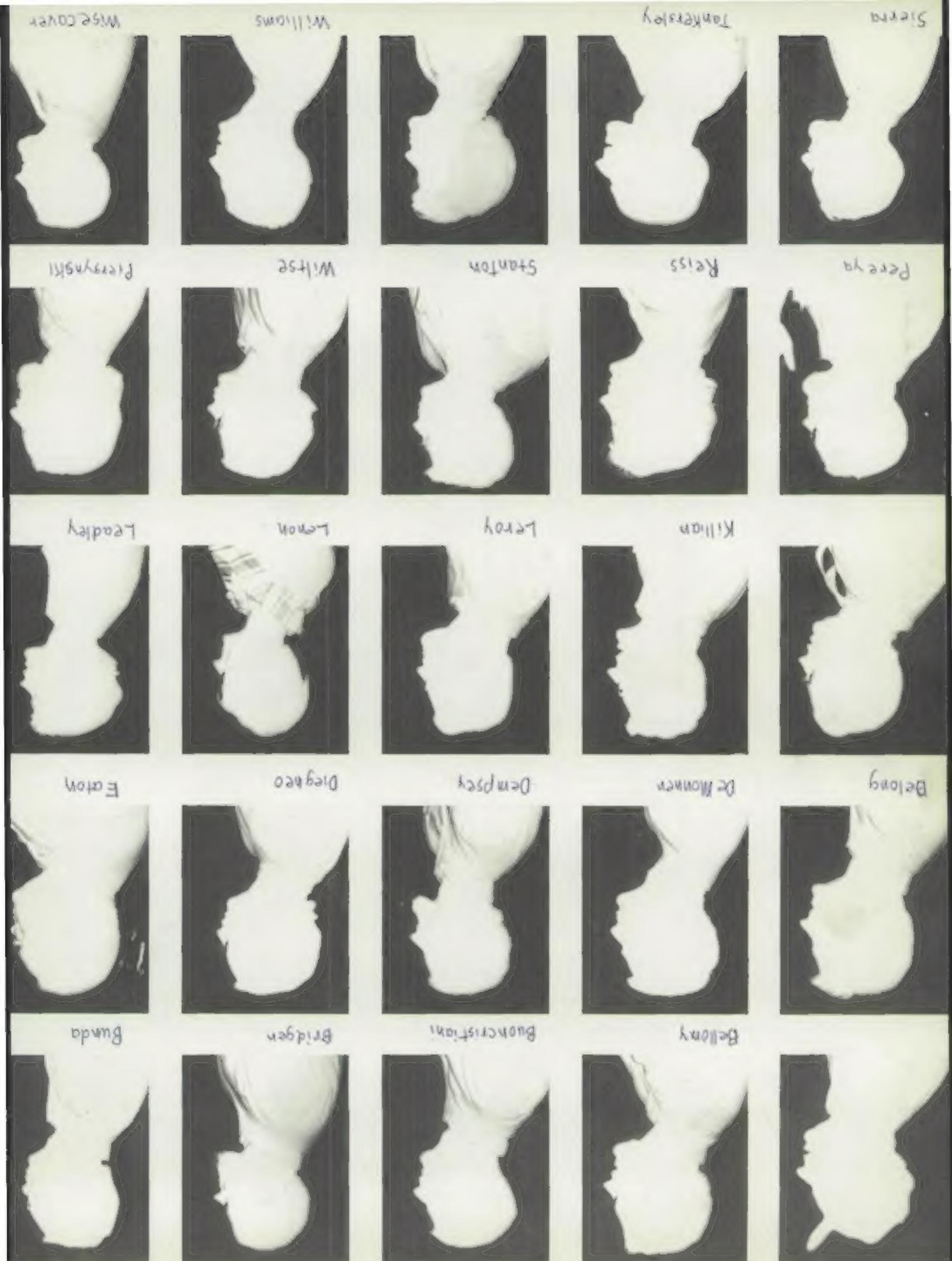
Special thanks to Mr. Kolegraff, Mr. Pluto, and Mr. Sanford  
for their photographs.















Chaplick

Chu

Dalton

Davis



Fitz

Gronobes

Gorg

Heilman



Lynch

McCarthy

O'Connell

Oddo

Pando



Piersall

Russi

Reiss

Sumner



WiseCaver

